THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

DECEMBER 26, 1903 FIVE CENTS THE COPY

DRAWN BY HARRISON FISHER

In this Number Stories and Articles by

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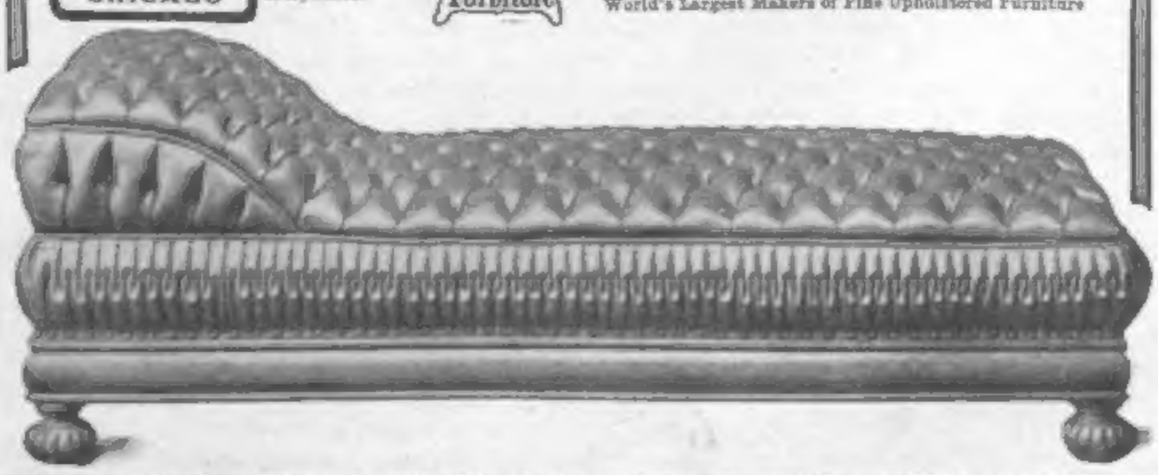

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Founded A°D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Volume 176 — PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 26, 1903 — Number 26

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Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

RUSSIAN DIPLOMACY

In Times of Peace Russia Has Won the Preëminence on Two Continents

DRAWN BY F. V. WILSON

By Charles Emory Smith

Former Minister to Russia

FROM the windows of the Foreign Office at St. Petersburg one looks out on the Winter Palace and the great granite monolith which towers in the centre of Alexander Place to the memory of the first Alexander. Across that square I have seen twenty thousand picturesque Cossacks galloping at the January review. The imposing Winter Palace—the largest and finest in Europe—fills one side with its reddish-yellow massiveness. On the opposite side in crescent form lies the long, low structure which shelters the Russian Chancellery. The exterior is painfully plain in the proverbial stucco of the Russian capital. The interior has the appearance of a stately private home, and one passes through apartment after apartment till one comes to what seems more like the cozy library than the public office of the Foreign Minister.

In that attractive room Nesselrode and Gortchakoff, Giers and Lobanoff have formulated those policies of their imperial masters which have wrought such mighty changes in the maps of Europe and Asia. There Russian astuteness has found excuse or justification for the acts or the measures which have brought Russian greatness. Russia's internal development has been slow, but her external expansion has been marvelous. Her arms and her diplomacy have immeasurably extended her borders. Other nations have grown, but in a different way. England has magnified herself by founding colonies. Germany has advanced through racial consolidation. But Russia has grown by steady, unceasing accretion, conquest and absorption.

The other countries of Europe are limited as to their central nationality by geography and racial lines. Great Britain cannot pass the channel, but must find her outlets on other continents. France is hemmed in by the Rhine and the Pyrenees. Germany may find still further Teutonic territory, but only at the expense of Austria. On the other hand, if Russia is restricted on the side of Europe, she has room for boundless expansion on the side of Asia. This movement leaves no break. Her expansion is contiguous and continuous. Steadily, surely, resistlessly it pushes on. Checked and stayed for a time, it patiently awaits the opportunity for striking with more success.

The difference of position is indicated in a single observation. The key to the policy of the other nations of Europe is the balance of power. The key to Russian policy is expansion. The others are concerned in preserving the equilibrium; Russia is concerned in her own extension. She may enter into the Dual Alliance as a counterpoise to the Triple Alliance in order to keep Europe preoccupied and passive, but her interest in the even adjustment of the balance in the rest of Europe is subsidiary. Her chief interest is in the advancement of her own broad designs, which lie, in great measure, outside of European relations. Her position, overlapping both Europe and Asia, nearly half of each, without potent neighbors save on one side, isolated and impregnable, makes her independent and free in large degree from the restraints imposed on others.

Through this freedom, through her unceasing vigilance and activity and through her preponderating strength, Russia has become in international influence the leading European Power. For a considerable period the political centre of gravity was Berlin. The towering genius of Bismarck made the politics of Europe turn on that pivot. The brilliant victories of Sadowa and Sedan, the creation of the German Empire and the crushing defeat of France, armed the most masterful statesman of the century with the irresistible weapons of command. But with the loss of his controlling hand and with the steady advance of the colossal Russian strength the centre of power has been gradually transferred from Berlin to St. Petersburg. This change has come without firing a gun or provoking a quarrel. It has been wrought in a time of unbroken peace. But, though almost imperceptible in its process, it is palpable and unmistakable in its effects, and not even after her brilliant triumphs and her sudden and dazzling rise did Germany exercise the dominant and universal influence which Russia now possesses.

The Longest Arm and the Heaviest Hand

TO MEASURE its force it is only necessary to note its wide sway and the general deference. Whenever an issue arises on the fields of controversy in Europe or Asia the first question is, What will Russia do? She is the preponderating factor in the near Eastern question and in the far Eastern question. In the stormy arena of the Balkans her arm is the longest and the strongest. In the turmoil of China her voice is the most subtle and the most potent. It is Russia that holds the ear of the Sultan. It was Russia that tore up the treaty of Shimoneseki and compelled Japan to surrender the fruits of her victory over China. There is objection and sometimes remonstrance, but the opposition is generally divided or half-hearted, and Russia, perhaps halting or withdrawing for a time, keeps her eye unfalteringly on the object she has in view and never abandons it. Germany and France have supported later Russian policy in the main, and there is no united opposition that is ready to assert itself with active resistance.

The foreign policy of Russia, more closely defined than the general object of expansion, has had four aims which have been faithfully pursued: First, the acknowledged and undisputed hegemony of the Slav world; second, as a definite and distinct measure under the first comprehensive description, a limitation of the Sultan's power and an extension of the Czar's authority over the lesser Slav nationalities of Southeastern Europe; third, unrestricted outlets to the open sea through full freedom of the Baltic and the Black Sea; fourth, in these later years the extension of Russian control on the Asiatic coast of the Pacific, following the construction of the Siberian railroad and looking to the practical possession of Manchuria. These aims are never relinquished or remitted; they may seem to slumber for a time, but they are never absent from contemplation; and they are followed with a tireless pertinacity which does not belong to the policy of any other nation.

Russian diplomacy is adroit, ingenious, dexterous and unwearying. The Russian diplomat is generally a master of his craft in the old sense in which it was understood. He is subtle, fertile, penetrating and ready. He knows his object and he is more concerned about the end than about the means. Russia is more than half Oriental. The Asiatic department, which is a distinct and, in many respects, the most important branch of the Foreign Office, is the favorite school of the Russian diplomatist. In his dealing with the subtlety and acuteness of the Oriental peoples his own keenness gains finer and sharper edge. This individual training rests on a background of national characteristics and fixed aims which give sureness and certainty to the effort. The diplomacy that grows out of it is distinguished less by frankness and openness than by the arts of sinuous and plausible suggestion. But, though sometimes soft and feline, it is generally forceful and masterly.

In this persistent adherence to a fixed purpose the eager and unrestrained Russian soldier not infrequently does diplomacy's work while diplomacy is protesting. After the Berlin Congress turned the fruit of Russia's triumph in the Turkish war of 1877 largely to ashes, the dashing Skobeleff, who had chafed so bitterly because he was not allowed to raise his standard in Constantinople, had proclaimed that the way to the Bosphorus must be won in Central Asia far on toward the borders of India. The march of conquest, which had already reached Khiva and Khokand, was again taken up. In answer to the remonstrance which immediately came, Russia insisted that she did not mean to take Merv. But while the diplomats were giving assurances the Cossacks swept into Merv, and diplomacy shrugged its shoulders, ostensibly disavowed and complacently acquiesced! So the dispute over the Pendjeh, on the Afghan frontier, set the nations quivering; but one day, even when the Delimitation Commission was not far away, General Komaroff found a pretext and carried the place by assault. England was instantly aflame and the clouds of war quickly blackened the sky; but diplomacy scattered them and preserved peace, and left Russia as near as she could get to India without absorbing the last buffer state. Russia had succeeded in her double play of expansion and of foiling in Central Asia the opposition of England in Europe.

She does not yet rule the Bosphorus. The possession of Constantinople is well-nigh universally accepted as a central aim of Russian ambition and policy since the time of Peter the Great. But this view finds some dissentients. Twelve years ago there was a veteran observer at St. Petersburg. He was the ambassador of a neighboring European Power. He had lived at the Russian capital, in one relation or another, for more than twenty years. He had possessed every facility for knowing Russian policy, and it was his business, in the interest of his own country, to know it. With his long association and experience in Russian official and diplomatic circles he did not believe that Russia sought the acquisition of Constantinople. Contrary to what is everywhere treated as a settled tradition, his conviction was that Russia did not desire the Moslem capital.

When surprise was expressed at this belief, so entirely at variance with the general view, he explained the grounds upon which it rested. The very fact that Constantinople is the Moslem capital was the primary reason. Russia has many million Mohammedan subjects. If Constantinople were Russian it would be the special object of their interest and devotion. Russia wanted no division of loyalty. She wanted nothing to challenge the supremacy throughout her domains of the true Russian capital. Difficult as it may be to accept this theory or even to recognize its force, it was the judgment of a keen diplomat with an almost unequaled opportunity of observation. The hostility of Europe to an occupation which would mark an overwhelming preponderance of power; the policy of weakening the Sultan but of upholding his tottering throne and dominating him, and so dominating the Balkans without actually holding the volcanic territory—these also were factors in the curious conclusion.

But did not Russia want the mastery of the Bosphorus? Did she not want a free, untrammeled outlet from the Black Sea? Did she not chafe under the shackles which Europe had imposed upon her only southern communication with the open waters of the world? Undoubtedly, but she proposed to reach that mastery by approaching the Bosphorus on the opposite side through the acquisition of Asia Minor, notwithstanding England's guarantee, with Cyprus as her reward. She proposed to make the Black Sea altogether a Russian lake. She had pushed around the eastern end through Trans-Caucasia; had repudiated and overthrown the article of the Treaty of Berlin which made Batoum a free port; had captured Kars and carried Erzeroum, though compelled at Berlin to relinquish it. Could she not advance through Asia Minor with less jealousy than the complete obliteration of Turkey in Europe would excite?

This was the theory of the ambassador. Did it explain the failure of Russia to take Constantinople in 1877? After the fall of Plevna the way was open. The eager eyes of Skobeleff saw the shining minarets of the Golden Horn. He was anxious to lead his victorious columns into the capital, but he was held back, and peace was made a few miles outside, at the little village of San Stefano on the shore of the Sea of Marmora. Was this abdication of an opportunity to consummate the supposed hope of two centuries due to the policy which the ambassador described? Or was it due to the sudden appearance of the British fleet at the Dardanelles? The question remains a subject of speculation, though no ingenuity of reasoning shakes the world's belief that Russian faith in Russian destiny still points to Constantinople.

Bismarck, after the young Kaiser had dropped him as pilot, encouraged Russia in aggressive designs by declaring that Constantinople is "the key of your house." But Bismarck had held no such tone at the Congress of Berlin, and his attitude there had aroused the deep resentment of Russian statesmen. Russia had held aloof and allowed Prussia to push Austria out of the German Confederation. She had again remained neutral and enforced the neutrality of Austria while the new Germany inflicted the deadly blow of 1870 on France. It is true that in 1875, when Europe was overshadowed by the war-clouds of a new attack by Germany on France, a design never really entertained, Gortchakoff appeared in the rôle of the "Cloud-Compeller" and decreed peace. Bismarck was deeply chagrined at this gratuitous assumption, but, nevertheless, Gortchakoff believed that the memory of Russia's service in the crucial hours of 1866 and 1870 would secure Germany's support in the Berlin Congress.

The Disappointment of the Berlin Treaty

IN THIS expectation he was keenly disappointed. Russia was compelled to bow in submission while the Treaty of San Stefano was torn up at Berlin. She found herself deprived in practical effect and in moral influence of the fruits of her costly victory, and though the league of the three emperors was afterward made and lasted for a time, the bitterness of Berlin was really the beginning of a change of Russian policy as to the Western Powers. Alexander the Second had steadily cultivated German friendship and coöperation. But the Berlin Congress planted the seeds of distrust which under Alexander the Third ripened into the French Alliance. The impetuous Skobeleff had indulged in violent anti-German tirades. The Czar had silenced him and forbidden political speech by any rash and irresponsible soldier. He had relieved Gortchakoff with his advancing age and had accepted the resignation of the crafty, insidious, artful Ignatieff, who was the master spirit of the Pan-Slavic and Anti-German war party. But the current of feeling went on until the festivities of Cronstadt developed the national sentiment for alliance with France.

The retirement of Gortchakoff closed the work of one of the consummate diplomatists of the century. It is remarkable that for a continuous period of sixty years the diplomacy of Russia should have been in the hands of two men. Nesselrode was the confidant of Metternich in the famous Congress of Vienna, and more than forty years later he sat in the Paris Congress of 1856. His career began in the Napoleonic era and extended beyond the Crimean War. He served through the long reigns of the first Alexander and the first Nicholas, and, with a supple and compliant nature, adapted himself equally to the liberal and fluctuating temper of the former and to the sterner and more imperious temper of the latter. He participated in the creation of the Holy Alliance, in the support of the Greek struggle for independence with the glories of Navarino, in the ruthless repression of Magyar aspirations in 1848, in the opening of the great Russian movement on Central Asia, and in the substantial emptiness of Anglo-French success in the Crimean War.

His forty years of diplomatic power were followed by the twenty years of Gortchakoff's sway. Gortchakoff was greater than his master. He was bolder, more resolute and more farseeing. He had more initiative and was a more accomplished adept in intrigue. His statesmanship was vigorous but it was prudent. He was adroit and skillful in negotiation and had great dexterity and force in stating his case. He admirably embodied the calm self-poise and confidence of the Russian spirit. It was soon after he took the helm that, in a circular to the foreign Powers explaining Russia's attitude, he used the phrase which became famous: "*Russie ne boude pas; elle se recueille*"—"Russia does not sulk; she gathers herself." He had a style in diplomatic papers which was both graceful and trenchant. He took the Foreign Office after the Crimean War, and it was his mission to recover the prestige which was lost in that conflict. In this he largely succeeded by his strong policy and his energetic rejection of European intrusion, and, until Bismarck rose to his zenith, Gortchakoff was the foremost minister in Europe.

Of the Foreign Ministers of Russia since Gortchakoff, doubtless the most brilliant and forceful was Lobanoff. His mind projected large schemes and his hand was strong in execution. His accession was immediately followed by more active intervention in Southeastern Europe, and on every side he marked out changes in the international relations of the Northern Empire. He had less of the impulse of humanity than his immediate predecessor, and when Europe shrank from the Armenian horrors it did not suit his purpose to be responsive. His firm, adventurous grasp was felt in new vigor in all quarters, and the world saw that a man of genius and power had taken the helm. He was ambitious to make Russia still more the dominant power, and had he lived he would have advanced Russian ascendency. He was spared only eighteen months, but during that time he left a deep impress.

Individual quality counts in Russia as elsewhere. Genius finds its arena and commonplace sinks to its level. But whether in strong hands or in weak hands, Russian aims are continuous and Russian policy is fixed and tenacious. Governments do not rise and fall with capricious public opinion. There is but one will, and that will of the Czar makes peace or war, settles alliances and determines measures. No Senate; no free discussion; no individual judgment; the Czar alone decides in harmony with the traditions of the Empire, and the minister is responsible solely to him. The system has its weakness, but in its continuity, its precision, its directness and its force Russian diplomacy has found a large element of its success.

The Beginnings of William Clodd

By Jerome K. Jerome

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MRS. POSTWHISTLE sat on a Windsor chair in the centre of Rolls' Court. Mrs. Postwhistle, who in the days of her Hebehood had been likened by admiring frequenters of the old Mitre in Chancery Lane to the ladies, somewhat emaciated, that an English artist, since become famous, was then commencing to popularize, had developed with the passing years, yet still retained a face of placid youthfulness. The two facts, taken in conjunction, had resulted in an asset to her income not to be despised. The wanderer through Rolls' Court this summer's afternoon, presuming him to be familiar with current journalism, would have retired haunted by the sense that the restful-looking lady on the Windsor chair was some one that he ought to know. Glancing through almost any illustrated paper of the period the problem would have been solved for him. A photograph of Mrs. Postwhistle, taken quite recently, he would have encountered, with this legend: "*Before* use of Professor Hardtop's certain cure for corpulency." Beside it a photograph of Mrs. Postwhistle, then Arabella Higgins, taken twenty years ago, the legend slightly varied: "*After* use," etc. The face was the same, the figure—there was no denying it had undergone decided alteration.

Mrs. Postwhistle had reached with her chair the centre of Rolls' Court in course of following the sun. The little shop, over the lintel of which ran, "Timothy Postwhistle, Grocer and Provision Merchant," she had left behind her in the shadow. Old inhabitants of St. Dunstan in the West retained recollection of a gentlemanly figure, always in a very gorgeous waistcoat, with Dundreary whiskers, to be seen occasionally there behind the counter. All customers it would refer, with the air of a Lord High Chamberlain introducing débutantes, to Mrs. Postwhistle, evidently regarding itself purely as ornamental. For the last ten years, however, no one had noticed it there, and Mrs. Postwhistle had a facility amounting almost to genius for ignoring or misunderstanding questions it was not to her taste to answer. Most things were suspected, nothing known.

"If I wasn't wanting to see 'im," remarked to herself Mrs. Postwhistle, who was knitting with one eye on the shop, "'e'd 'a' been 'ere 'fore I'd 'ad time to clear the dinner things away; certain to 'ave been. It's a strange world."

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of six stories by Mr. Jerome, each independent in itself, but in which the same characters recur.

T. FOGARTY.

"LAST WEEK HE WANTED TO BE A LION"

Mrs. Postwhistle was desirous for the arrival of a gentleman not usually awaited with impatience by the ladies of Rolls' Court, to wit: one William Clodd, rent collector, whose day for St. Dunstan in the West was Tuesday.

"At last," said Mrs. Postwhistle, though without hope that Mr. Clodd, who had just appeared at the other end of the

Court, could possibly hear her. "Was beginning to be afraid as you'd tumbled over yerself in your 'urry and 'urt yerself."

Mr. Clodd, perceiving Mrs. Postwhistle, decided to abandon method and take Number Seven first.

Mr. Clodd was a short, thickset, bullet-headed young man, with ways that were bustling and eyes that, though kind, suggested trickiness.

"Ah," said Mr. Clodd admiringly, as he pocketed the six half-crowns that the lady handed up to him. "If only they were all like you, Mrs. Postwhistle!"

"Wouldn't be no need of chaps like you to worry 'em," pointed out Mrs. Postwhistle.

"It's an irony of fate, my being a rent collector, when you come to think of it," remarked Mr. Clodd, writing out the receipt. "If I had my way I'd put an end to landlordism, root and branch. Curse of the country."

"Just the very thing I wanted to talk to you about," returned the lady —"that lodger o' mine."

"Ah, don't pay, don't he. You just hand him over to me; I'll soon have it out of him."

"It's not that," explained Mrs. Postwhistle. "If a Saturday morning 'appened to come round as 'e didn't pay up without me asking, I should know I'd made a mistake —that it must be Friday. If I don't 'appen to be in at 'alf-past ten 'e puts it in an envelope and leaves it on the table."

"Wonder if his mother has got any more like him?" mused Mr. Clodd. "Could do with a few about this neighborhood. What is it you want to say about him, then? Merely to brag about him?"

"I wanted to ask you," continued Mrs. Postwhistle, "'ow I could get rid of 'im. It was rather a curious agreement."

"Why do you want to get rid of him? Too noisy?"

"Noisy! Why, the cat makes more noise about the 'ouse than 'e does. 'E'd make 'is fortune as a burglar."

"Come home late?"

"Never known him out after the shutters are up."

"Gives you too much trouble, then?"

"I can't say that. Never know whether 'e's in the 'ouse or isn't without going upstairs and knocking at the door."

"Here, you tell it your own way," suggested the bewildered Clodd. "If it was any one else but you I should say you didn't know your own business."

"'E gets on my nerves," said Mrs. Postwhistle. "You ain't in a 'urry for five minutes?"

Mr. Clodd was always in a hurry. "But I can forget it talking to you," added the gallant Mr. Clodd.

Mrs. Postwhistle led the way into the little parlor.

"Just the name of it," consented Mr. Clodd. "Cheerfulness combined with temperance: that's the ideal."

"I'll tell you what 'appened only last night," commenced Mrs. Postwhistle, seating herself the opposite side of the loo table; "a letter came for 'im by the seven o'clock post. I'd seen 'im go out two hours before, and though I'd been sitting in the shop the whole blessed time I never saw or 'eard 'im pass through. 'E's like that. It's like 'aving a ghost for a lodger. I opened 'is door without knocking and went in. If you'll believe me, 'e was clinging with 'is arms and legs to the top of the bedstead—it's one of those old-fashioned, four-post things—'is 'ead touching the ceiling. 'E 'adn't got too much clothes on, and was cracking nuts with 'is teeth and eating 'em. 'E threw a 'andful of shells at me, and making the most awful faces at me, set off gibbering softly to himself."

"All play, I suppose? No real vice?" commented the interested Mr. Clodd.

"It will go on for a week, that will," continued Mrs. Postwhistle—"'e fancying 'imself a monkey. Last week 'e was a tortoise, and was crawling about on his stomach with a tea-tray tied on to his back. 'E's as sensible as most men, if that's saying much, the moment 'e's outside the front door; but in the 'ouse—well, I suppose 'e's a lunatic."

"Don't seem no hiding anything from you, Mrs. Postwhistle," remarked Mr. Clodd in tones of admiration. "Does he ever get violent?"

"Don't know what 'e would be like if 'e 'appened to fancy 'imself something really dangerous," answered Mrs. Postwhistle. "I am a bit nervous of this new monkey game, I don't mind confessing to you—the things that they do according to the picture-books. Up to now, except for imagining 'imself a mole and taking all his meals underneath the carpet, it's been mostly birds and cats and 'armless sort o' things I 'aven't seemed to mind so much."

"How did you get hold of him?" demanded Mr. Clodd. "Have much trouble in finding him, or did somebody come and tell you about him?"

"YOU VILLAIN! YOU DOUBLE-DYED VILLAIN!"

"Old Gladman, of Chancery Lane, the law-stationer, brought 'im 'ere one evening about two months ago—said 'e was a sort of distant relative of 'is, a bit soft in the 'ead but perfectly 'armless—wanted to put 'im with some one who wouldn't impose on 'im. Well, what between 'aving been empty for over five weeks, the poor old gaby 'imself looking as gentle as a lamb, and the figure being reasonable, I rather jumped at the idea, and old Gladman, explaining as 'ow 'e wanted the thing done with, got me to sign a letter."

"Kept a copy of it?" asked the businesslike Clodd.

"No. But I can remember what it was. Gladman 'ad it all ready. So long as the money was paid punctual and 'e didn't make no disturbance and didn't fall sick, I was to go on boarding and lodging 'im for seventeen and sixpence a week. It didn't strike me as anything to be objected to at the time; but 'e payin' regular, as I've explained to you, and be'aving, so far as disturbance is concerned, more like a Christian martyr than a man—well, it looks to me as if I'd got to live and die with 'im."

"Give him rope, and possibly he'll have a week at being a howling hyena or a laughing jackass or something of a sort that will lead to a disturbance," suggested Mr. Clodd, "in which case, of course, you would have your remedy."

"Yes," thought Mrs. Postwhistle, "and possibly also 'e may take it into what 'e calls 'is 'ead to be a tiger or a bull, and then perhaps before 'e's through with it I'll be beyond the reach of remedies."

"Leave it to me," said Mr. Clodd, rising and searching for his hat. "I know old Gladman; I'll have a talk with him."

"You might get a look at that letter, if you can," suggested Mrs. Postwhistle, "and tell me what you think about it. I don't want to spend the rest of my days in a lunatic asylum of my own if I can 'elp it."

"You leave it to me," was Mr. Clodd's parting assurance.

The July moon had thrown a silver veil over the grimness of Rolls' Court when, five hours later, Mr. Clodd's nailed boots echoed again upon its uneven pavement; but Mr. Clodd had no eye for moon or stars or such like: always he had things more important to think of.

"Seen the old 'umbug?" asked Mrs. Postwhistle, who was partial to the air, leading the way into the parlor.

"First and foremost," commenced Mr. Clodd as he laid aside his hat, "it is quite understood that you really do want to get rid of him?—What's that?" demanded Mr. Clodd, a heavy thud upon the floor above having caused him to start out of his chair.

"'E came in an hour after you'd gone," explained Mrs. Postwhistle, "bringing with him a curtain-pole as 'e'd picked up for a shilling in Clare Market. 'E's rested one end upon the mantelpiece and tied the other to the back of the easy chair—'is idea is to twine 'imself round it and go to sleep on it. Yes, you've got it quite right without a single blunder. I do want to get rid of 'im."

"Then," said Mr. Clodd, reseating himself, "it can be done."

"Thank God for that!" was Mrs. Postwhistle's pious ejaculation.

"It's just as I thought," continued Mr. Clodd; "the old innocent—he's Gladman's brother-in-law, by the way—has got a small annuity. I couldn't get the actual figure, but I guess it's about sufficient to pay for his keep and leave old Gladman, who is running him, a very decent profit. They don't want to send him to an asylum. They can't say he's a pauper, and to put him into a private establishment would swallow up most likely the whole of his income. On the other hand, they don't want the bother of looking after him themselves. I talked pretty straight to the old man—let him see I understood the business; and—well, to cut a long story short, I'm willing to take on the job, provided you really want to have done with it and Gladman is willing, in that case, to let you off your contract."

Mrs. Postwhistle went to the cupboard to get Mr. Clodd a drink. Another thud upon the floor above—one suggestive of exceptional velocity—arrived at the precise moment when Mrs. Postwhistle, the tumbler level with her eye, was in the act of measuring.

"I call this making a disturbance," said Mrs. Postwhistle, regarding the broken fragments.

"It's only for another night," comforted Mr. Clodd. "I'll take him away some time to-morrow. Meanwhile, if I were you I should spread a mattress underneath that perch of his before I went to bed. I should like him handed over to me in reasonable repair."

"It will deaden the sound a bit, any'ow," agreed Mrs. Postwhistle.

"Success to temperance," drank Mr. Clodd, and rose to go.

"I take it you've fixed things up all right for yerself," said Mrs. Postwhistle, "and nobody can blame you if you 'ave. 'Eaven bless yer, is what I say."

"We shall get on together," prophesied Mr. Clodd; "I'm fond of animals."

Early the next morning a four-wheeled cab drew up at the entrance to Rolls' Court, and in it and upon it went away Clodd and Clodd's Lunatic (as afterward he came to be known), together with all the belongings of Clodd's Lunatic, the curtain-pole included; and there appeared again behind the fanlight of the little grocer's shop the intimation, "Lodgings for a single man," which caught the eye a few days later of a weird-looking, lanky, rawboned laddie, whose language Mrs. Postwhistle found a difficulty for a time in comprehending; and that is why one sometimes meets to-day worshipers of kaleyard literature wandering disconsolately about St. Dunstan in the West, seeking Rolls' Court, discomforted because it is no more. But that is the history of the Wee Laddie and this of the Beginnings of William Clodd.

No one can say of Clodd that he did not observe whatever profit his unlicensed lunatic asylum may have brought him. A kindly man was William Clodd, when indulgence in sentiment did not interfere with business.

"There's no harm in him," asserted Mr. Clodd, talking the matter over with one Peter Hope, journalist, of 16 Gough Square. "He's just a bit dotty, same as you or I might get with nothing to do and all day long to do it in. Kid's play, that's all it is. The best plan I find is to treat it as a game and take a hand in it. Last week he wanted to be a lion. I could see that was going to be troublesome: he roaring for raw meat and thinking to prowl about the house at night. Well, I didn't nag him—that's no good. I just got a gun and shot him. He's a duck now, and I'm trying to keep him one: sits for an hour beside his bath on three china eggs I've bought him. Wish some of the sane ones were as little trouble."

The summer came again. Clodd and his Lunatic, a mild-looking little old gentleman of somewhat clerical cut, one

often met with arm in arm, bustling about the streets and courts that were the scene of Clodd's rent-collecting labors. Their evident attachment to one another was curiously displayed: Clodd, the young and red-haired, treating his white-haired, withered companion with fatherly indulgence; the other glancing up from time to time into Clodd's face with a winning expression of infantile affection.

"We are getting much better," explained Clodd, the pair meeting Peter Hope one day at the corner of Newcastle Street. "The more we are out in the open air and the more we have to do and think about the better for us—eh?"

The mild-looking little old gentleman hanging on Clodd's arm smiled and nodded.

"Between ourselves," added Mr. Clodd, sinking his voice a little, "we are not half so foolish as folks think we are."

Peter Hope went his way down the Strand.

"Clodd's a good sort—a good sort," said Peter Hope, who, having in his time lived much alone, had fallen into the habit of speaking his thoughts aloud, "but he's not the man to waste his time. I wonder."

With the winter Clodd's Lunatic fell ill.

Clodd bustled round to Chancery Lane.

"To tell you the truth," confessed Mr. Gladman, "we never thought he would live so long as he has."

"There's the annuity you've got to think of," said Clodd, whom his admirers of to-day (and they are many, for he must be a millionaire by this time) are fond of alluding to as 'that frank, outspoken Englishman.' "Wouldn't it be worth your while to try what taking him away from the fogs might do?"

Old Gladman seemed inclined to consider the question, but Mrs. Gladman, a brisk, cheerful little woman, had made up her mind.

"We've had what there is to have," said Mrs. Gladman. "He's seventy-three. What's the sense of risking good money? Be content."

No one could say—no one ever did say—that Clodd, under the circumstances, did not do his best. Perhaps, after all, nothing could have helped. The little old gentleman, at Clodd's suggestion, played at being a dormouse and lay very still. If he grew restless, thereby bringing on his cough, Clodd as a terrible black cat was watching to pounce upon him. Only by keeping very quiet and artfully pretending to be asleep could he hope to escape the ruthless Clodd.

Doctor William Smith (*né* Wilhelm Schmidt) shrugged his fat shoulders. "We can do noding. Dese fogs of ours: it is de one ting dat enables the foreigner to crow over us. Keep him quiet. De dormouse; it is a goodt idea."

That evening William Clodd mounted to the second floor of 16 Gough Square, where dwelt his friend Peter Hope, and knocked briskly at the door.

"Come in," said a decided voice, which was not Peter Hope's.

Mr. William Clodd's ambition was, and always had been, to be the owner or part-owner of a paper. To-day he owns eighteen, and is in negotiation, it is said, for seven more. But twenty years ago "Clodd & Co., Limited," was but in embryo. And Peter Hope, journalist, had likewise and for many a long year cherished the ambition to be, before he died, the owner, or part-owner, of a paper. Peter Hope to-day owns nothing, except perhaps the knowledge, if such things be permitted, that whenever and wherever his name is mentioned kind thoughts arise unbidden—that some one of the party will surely say: "Dear old Peter! What a good fellow he was!" Which also may be in its way a valuable possession: who knows? But twenty years ago Peter's horizon was limited by Fleet Street.

Peter Hope was forty-seven, so he said, a dreamer and a scholar. William Clodd was three-and-twenty, a born hustler, very wide-awake. Meeting one day by accident upon an omnibus, when Clodd lent Peter, who had come out without his purse, threepence to pay his fare with; drifting into acquaintanceship, each had come to acquire a liking and respect for the other. The dreamer thought with wonder of Clodd's shrewd practicability; the 'cute young man of business was lost in admiration of what seemed to him his old friend's marvelous learning. Both had arrived at the conclusion that a weekly journal with Peter Hope as editor and William Clodd as manager would be bound to be successful.

"If only we could scrape together a thousand pounds!" had sighed Peter.

"The moment we lay our hands on the coin we'll start that paper. Remember, it's a bargain," had answered William Clodd.

Mr. William Clodd turned the handle and walked in. With the door still in his hand he paused to look around the room. It was the first time he had seen it. His meetings hitherto with Peter Hope had been chance encounters in street or restaurant. Always had he been curious to view the sanctuary of so much erudition.

A large, oak-paneled room, its three high windows each with a low cushioned seat beneath it, giving on to Gough Square. Twenty-five years before Peter Hope, then a young dandy with side-whiskers close-cropped and terminating just below the ear; with wavy brown hair, giving to his fresh-complexioned face an appearance almost girlish; in cutaway blue coat, flowered waistcoat, black silk cravat secured by two gold pins chained together, and tightly-strapped gray trouserings, had, aided and abetted by a fragile little lady in crinoline and much-flounced skirt and bodice somewhat low, with corkscrew curls each movement of her head set ringing, planned and furnished it in accordance with the sober canons then in vogue, spending thereupon more than they should, as is to be expected from the Young to whom the Future promises all things. The fine Brussels carpet! A little too bright, had thought the shaking Curls. "The colors will tone down, Miss—ma'am." The shopman knew. Only by the help of the round island underneath the massive Empire table, by excursions into untrodden corners, could Peter recollect the rainbow floor his feet had pressed when he was twenty-one. The noble bookcase, surmounted by Minerva's bust—really it was too expensive. But the nodding Curls had been so obstinate. Peter's silly books and papers must be put away in order; the Curls did not intend to permit any excuse for untidiness. So, too, the handsome brass-bound desk; it must be worthy of the beautiful thoughts Peter would pen upon it. The great sideboard, supported by two such angry-looking mahogany lions—it must be strong to support the weight of silver clever Peter would one day purchase to place upon it. The few oil paintings in their heavy frames. A solidly-furnished, sober apartment; about it that subtle atmosphere of dignity one finds but in old rooms long undisturbed, where one seems to read on the walls: "I, Joy and Sorrow, twain in one, have dwelt here." One item only there was that seemed out of place among its grave surroundings: a guitar, hanging from the wall, ornamented with a ridiculous blue bow, somewhat faded.

"Mr. William Clodd?" demanded the decided voice.

Clodd started and closed the door.

"Guessed it at once," admitted Mr. Clodd.

"'E THREW A 'ANDFUL OF SHELLS AT ME . . . GIBBERING SOFTLY TO HIMSELF"

"I thought so," said the decided voice. "We got your note this afternoon. Mr. Hope will be back at eight. Will you kindly hang up your hat and coat in the hall? You will find a box of cigars on the mantelpiece. Excuse my being busy. I must finish this, then I'll talk to you."

The owner of the decided voice went on writing. Clodd, having done as he was bid, sat himself in the easy chair before the fire and smoked. Of the person behind the desk Mr. Clodd could see but the head and shoulders. It had black, curly hair, cut short. Its only garment visible below the white collar and red tie might have been a boy's jacket designed more like a girl's, or a girl's designed more like a boy's: partaking of the genius of English statesmanship, it appeared to be a compromise. Mr. Clodd remarked the long, drooping lashes over the bright black eyes.

"It's a girl," said Mr. Clodd to himself; "rather a pretty girl."

Mr. Clodd, continuing downward, arrived at the nose.

"No," said Mr. Clodd to himself, "it's a boy—a cheeky young beggar, I should say."

The person at the desk, giving a grunt of satisfaction, gathered together sheets of MSS. and arranged them. Then, resting its elbows on the desk and taking its head between its hands, regarded Mr. Clodd.

"Don't you hurry yourself," said Mr. Clodd, "but when you really have finished tell me what you think of me."

"I beg your pardon," apologized the person at the desk. "I have got into a habit of staring at people. I know it's rude. I'm trying to break myself of it."

"Tell me your name," suggested Mr. Clodd, "and I'll forgive you."

"Tommy," was the answer—"I mean Jane."

"Make up your mind," advised Mr. Clodd; "don't let me influence you. I only want the truth."

"You see," explained the person at the desk, "everybody calls me Tommy because that used to be my name. But now it's Jane."

"I see," said Mr. Clodd. "And which am I to call you?"

The person at the desk pondered. "Well, if this scheme you and Mr. Hope have been talking about really comes to anything, we shall be a good deal thrown together, you see, and then I expect you'll call me Tommy—most people do."

"You've heard about the scheme? Mr. Hope has told you?"

"Why, of course," replied Tommy. "I'm Mr. Hope's devil."

For the moment Clodd doubted whether his old friend had not started a rival establishment to his own.

"I help him in his work," Tommy relieved his mind by explaining. "In journalistic circles we call it deviling."

"I understand," said Mr. Clodd. "And what do you think, Tommy, of the scheme? I may as well start calling you Tommy, because, between you and me, I think the idea will come to something."

Tommy fixed her black eyes on him. She seemed to be looking him right through.

"You are staring again, Tommy," Clodd reminded her. "You'll have trouble breaking yourself of that habit, I can see."

"I was trying to make up my mind about you. Everything depends on the business man."

"Glad to hear you say so," replied the self-satisfied Clodd.

"If you are very clever—do you mind coming nearer to the lamp? I can't quite see you."

Clodd never could understand why he did it—never could understand why from first to last he always did what Tommy wished him to do, his only consolation being that other folks seemed just as helpless. He rose and, crossing the long room, stood at attention before the large desk; nervousness, to which he was somewhat of a stranger, taking possession of him.

"You don't *look* very clever."

Clodd experienced another new sensation: that of falling in his own estimation.

"And yet one can see that you *are* clever."

The mercury of Clodd's conceit shot upward to a point that, in the case of any one less physically robust than he, might have been dangerous to health.

Clodd held out his hand. "We'll pull it through, Tommy. The Guv'nor shall find the literature; you and I will make it go. I like you."

And Peter Hope, entering at the moment, caught a spark from the light that shone in the eyes of William Clodd and Tommy, whose other name was Jane, as, gripping hands, they stood with the desk between them, laughing, they knew not why. And the years fell from old Peter, and, again a boy, he also laughed, he knew not why. He had sipped from the wine-cup of youth.

"It's all settled, Guv'nor!" cried Clodd. "Tommy and I have fixed things up. We'll start with the new year."

"You've got the money?"

"I'm reckoning on it. I don't see very well how I can miss it."

"Sufficient?"

"Just about. You get to work."

"I've saved a little," began Peter. "It ought to have been more, but somehow it isn't."

"Perhaps we shall want it," Clodd replied, "perhaps we sha'n't. You are supplying the brains."

The three for a few moments remained silent.

"I think, Tommy," said Peter, "I think a bottle of the old Madeira——"

"Not to-night," said Clodd; "next time."

"To drink success," urged Peter.

"One man's success generally means some other poor devil's misfortune," answered Clodd. "Can't be helped, of course, but don't want to think about it to-night. Must be getting back to my dormouse. Good-night."

Clodd shook hands and bustled out.

"I thought as much," mused Peter aloud. "What an odd mixture the man is! Kind—no one could have been kinder to the poor old fellow. Yet all the while—— We are an odd mixture, Tommy," said Peter Hope, "an odd mixture, we men and women." Peter was a philosopher.

The white-whiskered old dormouse soon coughed himself to sleep forever.

"I shall want you and the missis to come to the funeral, Gladman," said Mr. Clodd, as he swung into the stationer's shop; "and bring Pincer with you. I'm writing to him."

"Don't see what good we can do," demurred Gladman.

"Well, you three are his only relatives; it's only decent you should be present," urged Clodd. "Besides, there's the will to be read. You may care to hear it."

The dry old law-stationer opened wide his watery eyes.

"His will! Why, what had he got to leave? There was nothing but the annuity."

"You turn up at the funeral," Clodd told him, "and you'll learn all about it. Bonner's clerk will be there and will bring it with him. Everything is going to be done '*comme il faut*,' as the French say."

"I ought to have known of this," began Mr. Gladman.

"Glad to find you taking so much interest in the poor old chap," said Clodd. "Pity he's dead and can't thank you."

"I warn you," shouted old Gladman, whose voice was rising to a scream, "he was a helpless imbecile, incapable of acting for himself. If any undue influence——"

"See you on Friday," broke in Clodd, who was busy.

Friday's ceremony was not a very sociable affair. Mrs. Gladman spoke only occasionally in a shrill whisper to Mr. Gladman, who replied with grunts. Both employed the remainder of their time in scowling at Clodd. Mr. Pincer, a stout, heavy gentleman connected with the House of Commons, maintained a ministerial reserve. The undertaker's foreman expressed himself as thankful when it was over. He criticised it as the humpiest funeral he had ever known; for a time he had serious thoughts of changing his profession.

The solicitor's clerk was waiting for the party on its return from Kensal Green. Clodd again offered hospitality. Mr. Pincer this time allowed himself a glass of weak whisky and water, and sipped it with an air of doing so without prejudice. The clerk had one a little stronger. Mrs. Gladman, dispensing with consultation, declined shrilly for self and partner. Clodd, explaining that he always followed legal precedent, mixed himself one also and drank "To our next happy meeting." Then the clerk read.

It was a short and simple will, dated the previous August. It appeared that the old gentleman, unknown to his relatives, had died possessed of shares in a silver mine, once despaired of, now prospering. Taking them at present value, they would produce a sum well over two thousand pounds. The old gentleman had bequeathed five hundred pounds to his brother-in-law, Mr. Gladman, five hundred pounds to his only other living relative, his first cousin, Mr. Pincer. The residue to his friend William Clodd, as a return for the many kindnesses that gentleman had shown him.

Mr. Gladman rose, more amused than angry.

"And you think you are going to pocket that one thousand to twelve hundred pounds? You really do?" he asked Mr. Clodd, who with legs stretched out before him sat with his hands deep in his trousers pockets.

"That's the idea," admitted Mr. Clodd.

Mr. Gladman laughed, but without much lightening the atmosphere. "Upon my word, Clodd, you amuse me—you quite amuse me," repeated Mr Gladman.

"You always had a sense of humor," commented Mr. Clodd.

"You villain! You double-dyed villain!" screamed Mr. Gladman, suddenly changing his tone. "You think the law is going to allow you to swindle honest men! You think we are going to sit still for you to rob us! That will——" Mr. Gladman pointed a lank forefinger dramatically toward the table.

"You mean to dispute it?" inquired Mr. Clodd.

For a moment Mr. Gladman stood aghast at the other's coolness, but soon found his voice again.

"Dispute it!" he shrieked. "Do you dispute that you influenced him?—dictated it to him word for word, made the poor old helpless idiot sign it, he utterly incapable of even understanding——"

"Don't chatter so much," interrupted Mr. Clodd. "It's not a pretty voice, yours. What I asked you was, do you intend to dispute it?"

"If you will kindly excuse us," struck in Mrs. Gladman, addressing Mr. Clodd with air of much politeness, "we shall just have time, if we go now, to catch our solicitor before he leaves his office."

Mr. Gladman took up his hat from underneath his chair.

"One moment," suggested Mr. Clodd. "I did influence him to make that will. If you don't like it, there's an end of it."

"Of course——" commenced Mr. Gladman in a mollified tone.

"Sit down," suggested Mr. Clodd. "Let's try another one." Mr. Clodd turned to the clerk. "The previous one, Mr. Wright, if you please; the one dated June the tenth."

An equally short and simple document. It bequeathed three hundred pounds to Mr. William Clodd in acknowledgment of kindnesses received, the residue to the Royal Zoölogical Society of London, the deceased having been always interested in and fond of animals. The relatives, "who have never shown me the slightest affection or given themselves the slightest trouble concerning me, and who have already received considerable sums out of my income," being by name excluded.

"I may mention," observed Mr. Clodd, no one else appearing inclined to break the silence, "that in suggesting the Royal Zoölogical Society to my poor old friend as a fitting

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The Exodus of Capital

By Will Payne

ONE has often heard, of late, that manufacturers are leaving Chicago on account of the exactions of labor unions.

The statement is positively true and comparatively false. Manufacturers are leaving. A careful inquiry discloses seven concerns, employing altogether about 3000 men, that have recently abandoned their plants in Chicago and moved to country towns within one hundred or one hundred and fifty miles, the reason alleged in each case being the difficulty of dealing with organized labor. It is also shown that never before was more factory capacity under construction in Chicago; that for one who leaves at least two come in. The United States Steel Corporation, the largest industrial employer of labor in the country, having intimate experience of labor conditions in all the iron centres, and being run on business principles, without sentiment, this year appropriated $7,500,000 for extensions of its Chicago plant—which it would scarcely do if labor conditions were so impossible here as compared with other places.

It is also true that concerns that might have located in Chicago of late have decided to go elsewhere, the labor situation playing a part in the decision. Some projected additions to local plants have been abandoned on the same ground, the most important instance being that of the Allis-Chalmers Company, which dropped its plan for a large addition to the Chicago establishment and built at Allis, near Milwaukee, instead. This was after a prolonged and disastrous strike, marked by assaults and murders, at the Chicago factory.

Thus far, in considering the check imposed by the unions upon industrial expansion, one can proceed upon sure enough ground. But beyond this there is a large region composed of four parts of fancy to one part of fact. To illustrate: Not long ago it was announced that a certain important building project had been dropped on account of the labor situation. Those on the inside know that, as a matter of fact, it was the difficulty of raising the money that upset the plan. But it sounded better to say that it was the labor situation. Three other cases happened to come under the writer's notice in which the deferring of building plans was, in fact, due one part to the labor market and four parts to the money market; but in fiction—that is, in the newspaper story—the proportions were reversed. It is even safe to say that some threatened removals will never take place.

The unions have been exasperating enough. There is no doubt about that. Yet to an extent they have been the victims of a misfortune for which a detached spectator with any sense of humor must feel some sympathy.

The organizers, promoters and exploiters of the labor world did, in their field, exactly as the organizers, promoters and exploiters of the financial world did in theirs.

Both had a tremendously strong situation to work with. For both there was a bull market the like of which had never been known—and both wretchedly overplayed it. The country was not only very rich, but it was gaining wealth at an incredible pace. Nothing was easier than to organize an "industrial," float the securities and make a big profit; and though the persons who were professionally engaged in that line had much to say in print about the economic advantages of combination, there is no doubt that the real spur to their activity was the promoters' profits that were to be made. Of course, they overdid it finally. In labor there was a great bull situation. Everybody was employed. The demand for hands exceeded the supply. Nothing was easier than to organize men in a given line into a union, make a demand upon the employer and enforce it. With every successful demand upon the employer it became easier to get men in

some other line to organize, just as with every successful flotation it became easier to get the underwriting for a new "industrial." The persons professionally engaged in organizing labor unions talked much about the social advantages of unionism. One need not doubt that many of them were sincere; and one cannot doubt that in most cases the especial incentive to their efforts was the fees, the promoters' profits.

The methods employed in the two fields were somewhat similar, but those who have looked into it a little will be ready to admit that the labor men were the better organizers of the two; that they had a higher strategetical genius than the "captains of industry" in Wall Street. There are pretty well authenticated instances of unions that were formed against the wishes both of the men and the employers, to which, in fact, nobody gave an active consent excepting the organizers. Here is a strictly typical illustration: Some time ago the janitors in Chicago were "organized." A North Side man owned a single, detached building containing four flats. A little German and his wife lived in the basement and did the chores. The German was invited to avail himself of the advantages of the union. He declined. The owner was then notified that he would be "unfair" if he continued to employ a non-union janitor. Swelling with the independence of the American citizen who has never been "organized," the owner replied that the janitor should do just as he pleased. Then the union teamsters refused to deliver coal at the building, and there came a frost. With a woman in each flat asking him whether he would feel better when she and her children had perished of pneumonia, and four men threatening to sue him for damages, the landlord went meekly to the janitor, advised him to join the union, and paid his dues.

It seemed that everybody was to be organized. Business men wrestled all day with union demands in their offices; then sped to their country places at Lake Geneva to find that the gardeners and coachmen were being wrought upon by the inevitable organizer. This unionizing industry, like the trust-promoting industry, could be kept going only so long as the promoters "made good"—that is, only so long as the underwriters, in the one case, could get out at a profit, and the men, in the other, could be given some return for their dues. So a new union meant a new demand upon the employer. If there were no grievances one was made.

The result was a state of acute irritation on the part of employers and of a large section of the public. Wherever anything untoward happened and blame could be attached to the unions the opportunity was not permitted to go to waste. This state of mind sufficiently accounts for some reports from which one might hastily infer that industry in Chicago was threatened with destruction. A man of the most honest intentions who has been harried week after week by union demands—some of which, at least, are sure to be foolishly tyrannous—might easily believe that labor was tearing down the business fabric of the city.

The bull market in stocks stopped, by compulsion, over a year ago, but the labor promoters have not abated their activity. Thus, union demands have been coming at a time when the business world was in reaction, a trifle sick from undigested securities and in no mood to tolerate inflation in the labor market. The machine was already pretty heavily loaded and in no condition to endure fresh burdens imposed by labor. It is the last straw that breaks the camel's back. Although union labor was innocent enough of the first bales, it cannot pile on the final killing weight without getting blamed for the disaster, so even if it is four parts money and one part labor, it is natural enough that labor, like the last person seen at the spot where the crime was committed, will be indicted. All this must be kept in mind to understand why, just now, there is so hostile a feeling toward the unions and why it is said that they are driving industry away.

Bonuses Given in Small Cities

KEEPING down to the earth, only a few cases appear in which concerns have left the city solely on account of labor troubles. Even in one of the cases where labor was the only motive alleged, it cannot fairly be overlooked that the Indiana town to which the manufacturer removed not only gave a site but built the factory and turned it over free of cost. In other cases some special inducements and bonuses were offered. Indeed, the difference in the governmental attitude of the city and of the town is almost as important as labor itself in this matter of the choice of the country as against the city. It must be remembered that Chicago is more than a city. The name and government include a great territory which, one may say roughly, is a third city, a third suburb and a third country. It includes not only the teeming factory and tenement regions, but stretches of sparsely-settled prairie where, for some lines of manufacturing, there are very few advantages, if any, over a country town a hundred miles away. Yet the same urban attitude obtains over all; certain general rules and practices of the city government apply everywhere. Whether the manufacturer be running a million-dollar plant just across the river or a little shop on the Northwest side, the city feels that she is great and he is insignificant. He can stay or go as he pleases; but if he does stay he must accept her rule. This, of course, is the inevitable metropolitan attitude; but it is sometimes unwisely applied.

A good deal of the outlying regions were at one time or another subdivided into "city" lots. Often, when the manufacturer wishes to get a plot of ground large enough for a factory or to extend his plant, he must ask the city for the vacation of an alley or "stub-end" street, which, in fact, is of little use to anybody. There used to be a great deal of aldermanic graft in this vacating business; so an ordinance was passed requiring payment to the city at a price equal to that asked for adjoining land. Usually the highest price in that locality is asked. Often the city has merely an easement, so, after its vacation is purchased, the title to the ground must be bought from the original subdivider, making a double payment. But the saddest thing about it is that, according to report, in those wards which lie in the political bad lands the grafter levies his tribute just the same, and the manufacturer, after paying a double price in order that the city may be honest, must in addition make the old contribution to the bandits or go without his extension. A switch-track to the nearest railroad is necessary for the most economical handling of goods. Here again the manufacturer encounters a sort of "anti-graft" ordinance, which requires that all permits shall be limited to ten years and a yearly bonus paid the city. Nevertheless, it is said that the old honorarium to the political powers is still exacted in certain localities. This may discourage the manufacturer, but the city does not change its laws.

Compare this with what the manufacturer finds in any of the little "cities" which occasionally benefit by the removal of a plant from Chicago. In the small place a man who proposes to put up a factory that will employ several hundred hands is treated like an ambassador from the Grand Mogul. The local improvement association receives him with open arms. The site for his factory—as much ground as he can use—will be donated, or given at a very small rental. He can have switch-tracks radiating from it like spokes from the hub of a wagon wheel, all for the asking. Often merely nominal taxes are guaranteed for several years, and something may be given toward building his plant, or the entire cost defrayed for him. And after he is located the government will treat him most deferentially.

In the small place he does not escape the labor union; but, in the nature of things, his hold upon his employees is firmer. He and they live within sight of each other and feel a greater mutual dependence. He has not the vast industrial population of the city at hand to draw upon; they have not numberless other opportunities of employment within reach. They are much more apt to buy a lot and build a home. The ferment of the great and restless mass of the city does not reach them. The walking delegate is reduced to a reasonable proportion. They may still pay their dues; but the infection of the socialism of the unions is less powerful.

When the Clash Comes

THE fundamental difference, of course, and that from which most of the trouble directly arises, is the clash between the socialism of the unions and the individualism of the employer. He proposes to "run his shop" because he owns it. The union proposes that it shall be run, so far as concerns employment of men, for the benefit of all, which, economically, means that the ablest must accommodate his pace to the least able. Thus the whole force of the union is restrictive, and the employer constantly chafes under it. A certain brass manufactory in Chicago is now for sale. The owner wishes to move his business to a smaller place. He adopted a new method of casting brass whereby he could make six heats a day instead of three by the system he had been using. He remodeled his shop and looked forward complacently to a saving of some four cents a pound in shop cost and a slaughter of his competitors. But the new method made the moulders step livelier and threw some helpers out of work. So the union intervened and forbade him to make any greater output with the new system than he had been able to make with the old. He is anxious to get away where the wing of the union will not so completely smother his enterprise.

This was not directly a question of wages at all, and it is rather surprising to find how little the direct question of wages is responsible for the trouble. Not long ago one of the largest brokerage houses in Chicago remodeled its office. The plan included the erection of some partitions of the richest woods. Cabinet-makers were sent to do the work. Presently a walking delegate appeared and profanely ordered the men to clear out. It was carpenters' work, not cabinet-makers' work, he declared, and he would send some carpenters to do it. Protests to the contractor brought only a helpless superintendent, who confessed that, if the walking delegate said blacksmiths, blacksmiths it would have to be. The carpenters came with their heavy tools and attacked the fine woods, very

(Concluded on Page 19)

The American Spirit

How the Commercial Traveler has Won Where the Athlete and the Philosopher Failed

By Opie Read

ON THE top of a bleak hill, where the wind mourned among the scrub pines, a boy sat whittling with a rude knife made by the village blacksmith. Puritan was his stock, Yankee his blood, and what a destiny he whittled out for his country! In his case how true it was that necessity proved mother to invention. Across the sea whence had come his people the favored youngster had toys, but here there was none, and this depriving hardship stirred necessitous rebellion against an empty condition, and from that time dates a lessening of man's labor upon the earth. For this youngster made toys as a youth, and as a man invented machines, and for his descendants these machines are conquering the commerce of the world.

Of itself persistency is not a conquering force. Without persistency, it is true that there can be but little of achievement, but with it there may be final and total defeat. Physical man, indeed, intellectual man, is not a world conqueror. The athlete and the philosopher may fail. What, then, is the supreme force of the world? A sort of spirituality that lies beyond the province of definition. It arises out of surroundings and conditions. It cannot by will be acquired; it is the essence of long experience, of effort, of necessity. The settlement of North America marked a new era in the affairs of the human family. A new man was to arise out of a virgin condition, and fate marked him as an instrument to overturn traditions and to make the waters of history run uphill. A composite man, with the blood of all peoples in his veins, he is inspired with a quick knack to deal with all phases of human nature. What to older nations would be regarded as a semi-marvelous insight—commercially, I mean—is viewed by him as being simply a Yankee intelligence. His landscape is dotted with schools and many of his hilltops are adorned with colleges, but in his land the profound scholar, such as characterizes England and Germany, is exceedingly rare. His province does not seem to be to dig up the past and scrape from it the rust of centuries, but to throw his searchlight into the future. Cobden, the father of English free trade, and whose system Mr. Chamberlain is now striving to overturn, expected fondly that the Americans, who at that time had not begun to threaten the world with an inundation of their wares, would content themselves with being hewers of wood and drawers of water. And so they are. But they have hewed the wood into new shapes and have drawn water to raise steam for machines not dreamed of in Cobden's industrial philosophy. By foreigners of ordinary mind such inventors are railed at and threatened, but abler men study them that they may preach the doctrine of emulation. And such is the sermon preached in England to-day. "Let us be quicker," says Mr. Chamberlain, and the British audience cries out, "Hear, hear!" But does quickness come of a determination to be less slow? You might as well say to the hippopotamus, "Hop around, now; be spry." The American is quick, not because he was resolved to be so but because he was born that way. Is he different physically? No. Whence comes it, then? Out of the pine woods of the past. It is spiritual. It cannot be caught. Legislation may invite it, but it will not come. For many years Europe amused herself with laughing at our useless hurry. But hurry may be toned down to the faculty for immediate decision and swift accomplishment.

The uneducated boy, plowing alone out on the prairie, becomes a thinker and therefore an individual. In his home there are books, the lives of men who plowed and split rails and became great. This causes him to plow better than he otherwise would; he has been taught to believe that to do a thing well is the first offering on the altar of ambition. A young fellow who had been stationed to protect sheep came home with the remark: "I didn't kill but one wild wolf, but I'll bet he's killed deader than any wolf that ever lived."

It may have been his fate to go through life killing wolves, but his belief that he was killing them deader than any one else ever killed wolves was enough to keep his enthusiasm alive—and as long as one is enthusiastic he is young and fitted to accomplish notable things. In the eye of the careless world the American plowboy may amount to nothing. Cobden saw him and smiled and said, "That's right, my son, keep on plowing. We are the world's manufacturers and my advice to you is not to lose sight of that fact." But he didn't

keep on plowing. He yielded the reins to some smaller chap and he branched out into the field of adventure, with the memory of his book, and with a newspaper in his hand. Out of the whittling of his ancestor had come a machine, and he carried it into new territories and now he has taken it to Australia, to China; across the rivers of India he is throwing bridges, to the disgust of men who said that he was presumptuous. The Englishman had looked at a river and said that he would bridge it within two years. Of course, his decision was final. And to a neighboring bungalow he went to regale himself with the peat-scented juice of old Scotland. The company that wanted the bridge was much disheartened. The adventurous president had thought that possibly it might be constructed within a year. But the Englishman had spoken, and it was not to be. But the American, who happened to be within hearing, had not spoken. And when he did speak the president cried out in astonishment and the Englishman laughed. The Yankee had been so reckless as to declare that within six months he would have trains running across the bridge.

"Take him up," exclaimed the Englishman.

The president took him up. The Yankee telegraphed to his home office and within six months trains *were* running across the bridge. It was called a piece of impudence, but it was the best bridge in India.

A European thinker gave it as his opinion that the Americans could never become great commercially because there they were not "homogeneous enough." And this grave and laboriously thought-out dictum was sufficient temporarily to allay the rising fears of an industrial nation abroad; but along came the American drummer with a sample-case full of diametric opinions.

The ages bring about mighty changes: Greece, Rome, Spain, France, England—America. This is the order of succession. But how different the first conquest from the last. The sword, the cannon—the mind. Recently a Frenchman arose in the Chamber of Deputies and said that with her free school system the United States was conquering the world. Mind, intelligence and, supreme over both, spirit. In all ages there has been a spirit of patriotism, but in different ages and in different lands how different the meaning of the word. In Europe it was devotion to king—not to home, family, the dear particular spot of earth whereon a man might trace his people back into the mist-curtained past—*king*. There could be no reverence for law, for above the law sat enthroned the monarch. There could be no love of country, for that was rebellion against one greater than the country. But there was spirit, haughty and ready to risk life for the crown. That spirit placed the Louis of France above all other men. A greater spirit was born and then came the mighty revolution, and though it thought to copy, yet was it unlike the spirit of the American Revolution. It was more of a furious revenge than a patriotism. It bore to mankind no uplifting message, for it was a wanton spiller of man's blood. Above the licentious king it held no effective threat, for Napoleon ruled with a sword ground to razor edge. In America how different was the spirit of liberty. Peace meant peace. When the last foe had laid down his arms not a drop of blood was shed. Religious faction, always dangerous to real liberty, was told that no one creed should be set above another. That was a new spirit—the spirit of wise tolerance. Is it not strange that the great men of Europe did not foresee that out of this sudden advancement of man was to come a world-conquering force? The only man who seemed to realize the portent of coming power was Frederick the Great, and his was simply the recognition of one man, of Washington, to whom he sent a sword upon which was engraved, "From the oldest general in the world to the greatest." How slower than a dunce in a village school has the Old World been to accept the truth about America. Why, when the Spanish war came up naval authorities in Germany declared that Spain would soon blow us from the seas; and England, who had cause to remember our prowess on the deep, was loth to believe the news from Manila.

A lasting commerce is the true test of a nation's greatness. Art, beautiful and uplifting as it is, more often marks decay than progress. The building of a mill means advancement; it means that great books are some time to follow. Commercialism, which the æsthete is wont to decry, discovered the New World. Comforts, the result of trade, bring leisure for study and the betterment of man. If there should ever be a universal language the ship will prove the teacher. The rudder is the tongue of the world.

The business man of America is different from all others. In dealing with a free and thinking people he gives his customers credit for knowing what they want. The manufacturer stood ever ready to make new things and to make them as the customer desired that they should be made. In England it has always been different. You take what the manufacturer has to offer or get nothing. And why not? Hasn't he been in the business long enough to know what is best for you? He follows in the footsteps of his grandfather, and surely you don't mean to infer that the old man didn't know what he was about. Perhaps you sought to explain the advantages of a left-hand plow. You say that with it you believe that the furrows would be straighter, as the lead horse, instead of walking waywardly on the "land," walks in the furrow. He does not halt to investigate your theory, but disputes it. He has never made a left-hand plow and never will. He doesn't see why one should be made. It is nonsense. But the American catches the idea at once and makes the left-hand plow. His willingness to please is thus demonstrated, and customers naturally come to him. The Englishman goes home, calls a mass meeting and denounces American "underhand" methods of trade. This is not a mere supposition. It is a fact, recounted by more than one American commercial traveler.

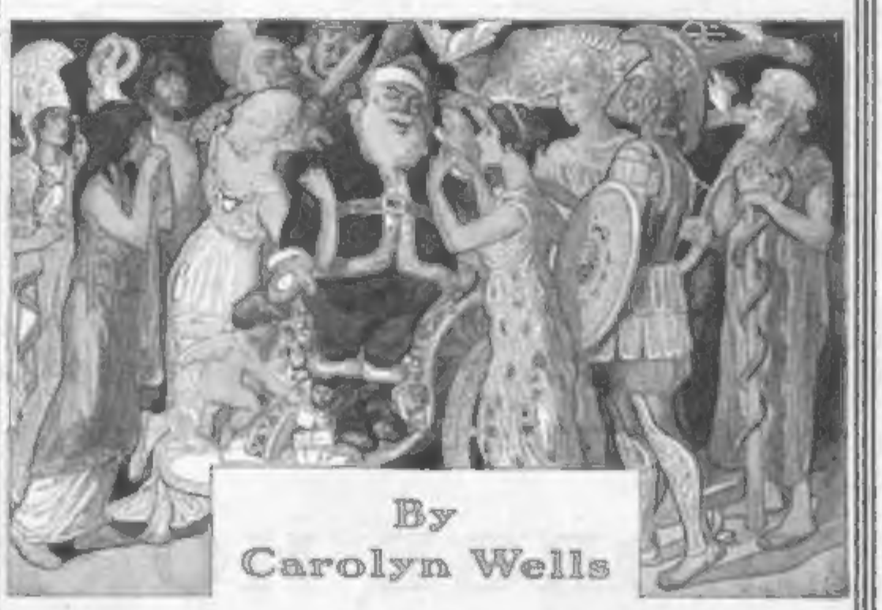
Ah, and what the traveler has done and is doing. Long before he was sent abroad he built up the hotels at home. He was the circuit rider of trade. He taught the country merchant not only how to buy goods but how to sell them. Into every rural community he brought new ideas. He was a newsletter. To the village he gave a taste of cosmopolitanism. More than the lecturer, the book, he has made the country homogeneous. Perhaps he married the daughter of the leading merchant of a remote town, and it is almost safe to say that had he existed numerously before the Civil War there wouldn't have been any war. He made local literature by discovering the traits and celebrating the peculiarities of the village "character"—put him into a book, not with his own busy, figuring pencil, but induced a more leisurely pen to catch his whims and to portray them. He was the embodiment of adaptability. He did not engage in political dispute, but with a new story soothed the rising temper of quarrelsome factions. As well as a merchant he was a diplomatist and a statesman. During the earlier years of his career, when trade was slow and must needs be humored and persuaded, he usually spent a day in a town before attempting to effect a sale. During that time he was a public entertainer. He "jimed," "Tomed," "'Squired" and "Coloneled" the shade-hunting denizens about the public square, set up the watermelon, sometimes a water somewhat stronger; went to church if Sunday chanced to fall opportunely, called the preacher brother, dropped a green note into the contribution box and the next day sold goods all around the public square. He was ever alert and no one found him weary. In advance he had caught the spirit of coming America. And now they are sending him to Europe, Asia, Africa. Into strange and far places he has sometimes preceded the American flag. His advent sometimes antedates the first consulate. No wonder that a firm in Chicago inserted the following advertisement: "Wanted, a man who can joke in Arabic."

Out of America's want of homogeneity many characters must needs arise, and a varied commerce is best handled by different types. Our resources call for every sort of temperament, and what one man may fail to sell with an engaging story another may dispose of with grave disquisition.

"Those Americans are most wondrously tricky people," said an Australian. "One came into my place of business and told me a story that tickled me into buying a big bill of goods, and when serious reaction had set in, as it always must, in came a most solemn chap from the same firm and sold me another bill."

The nations of the earth are not much frightened by wars. War means victory for some one, and victory means at least a temporary glory. But in this latter day a commercial conquest is viewed with alarm. France could come nearer recovering from her defeat at the hands of the Germans than England or Germany can ever come toward regaining lost supremacy in trade. Nations push one another downhill, so gently at first that it is not perceptible; but once started it is impossible to stop. Chamberlain realizes this and believes that the cause and the remedy lie in legislation. But it lies more nearly in national trait—spirit. "Character" achieves all that is achieved. It discovers and creates. About every man and every nation that succeeds there is something which the contemplative onlooker regards as peculiar. It is originality, and in the matter of making and selling goods the Americans are the most original of peoples. In our national life the windy speculator is not a factor. He has not enough of breath to blow a small sail toward a distant shore. The creator and the seller are the forces that are making a commercial conquest of the world.

CHRISTMAS ON MT. OLYMPUS



By Carolyn Wells

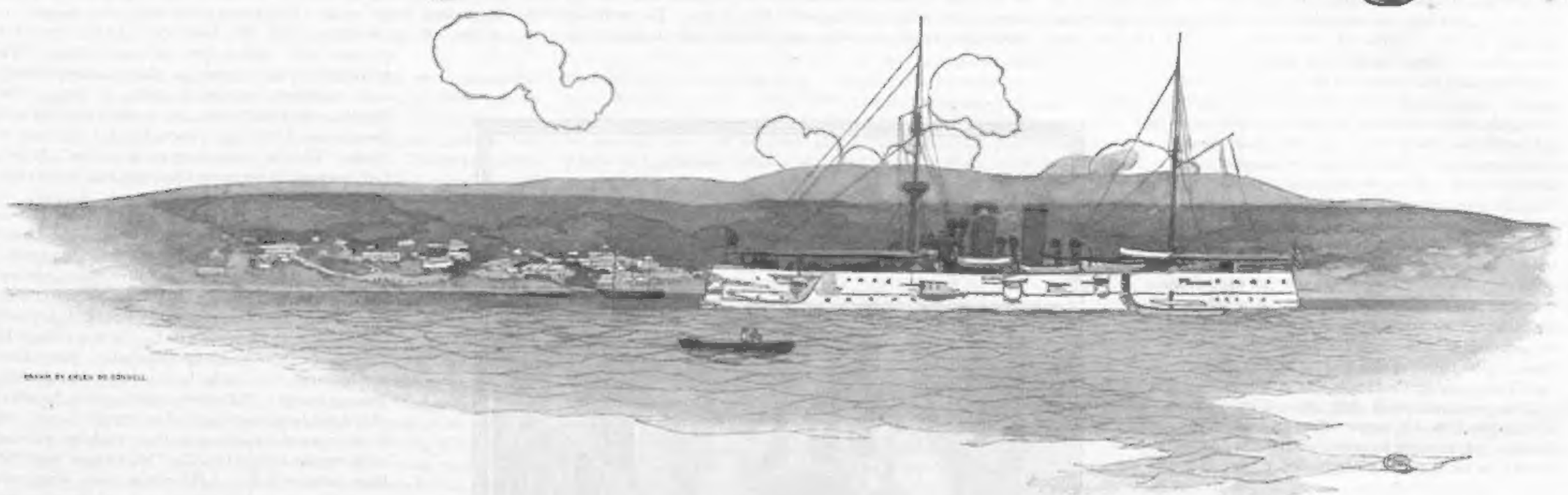
'Twas the night before Christmas; Olympia's height
Was ringing with laughter and blazing with light.
The gods and the goddesses (see Murray's Manual)
Were holding their regular Christmas-Eve annual.
In the gorgeous Olympian dancing-pavilion
Apollo was leading the mazy cotillon,
When out at the gate there arose such a clatter,
The deities ran to see what was the matter.
There they found Santa Claus in a terrible plight,
His sleigh, heavy-laden, had broken down, quite.

Poor man! He had started in gladness and mirth
With his yearly consignment of presents to earth.
And now, each fair gift designed for a mortal
Was dumped on the ground at Olympia's portal!
But the gods and the goddesses generous are,
And Aurora said, "Santa, I'll lend you my car."
The offer was gladly accepted. Saint Nick
Transferred all his bundles surprisingly quick.

Then he said, "Your assistance is of such great worth
I'll bring you a beautiful present from earth.
Now if you and the others will mention, my dear,
Whatever you want that you can't get up here——"
"You love!" cried Aurora, with jubilant squeal,
"I'll take, if you please, an automobile!"
"You darling!" cried Venus, "pray bring me from town
A big picture hat and a new Paris gown."
"My order," said Mercury, "is roller skates."
Achilles said, "I'd like a pair of heel-plates."
Fair Niobe sobbed, "Since I always must cry,
Of handkerchiefs bring me a goodly supply."
Said Laocoön, "They say whisky's a cure
For snakebite—if so, I should like some, I'm sure."
"I'm not quite in form," said old Hercules,
"So I'd be obliged for a punching-bag, please."

Said Ajax, "A lightning-rod, sir, is my choice."
While Mars said a Krupp gun would make him rejoice.
Minerva (you know she's exceedingly wise)
Said a late Boston Transcript she greatly would prize.
Well, Santa Claus finally finished his list,
And said, "Is this all? is any one missed?"
"Well, yes," Æsculapius said, "if you please,
I've encountered the old-fashioned forms of disease;
But my pupils and I think 'twould greatly delight us
If you'd bring us a patient with appendicitis."
"All right!" answered Santa Claus, "I shall obey.
Merry Christmas to all!" and he hurried away.

The Impetuous Mr. Reagan



Which Details the Brief Acquaintance of a Private and a Princess

By GEORGE HORTON

ENGLISH, French and Russian men-of-war are numerous in the Mediterranean, but the travelers who most throng the cities by that sunny sea are Americans. Thereby are much heartburning, regret and envy engendered, for there is no sight more grateful to the eyes of any man abiding abroad, no matter what his nationality may be, than a ship of his own navy steaming into port. For several years the members of the American colony at Athens had wearied sorely of explaining to English, Russians and French the beauties of the American navy, the destructiveness of its guns, the accuracy of its gunners, the perfect discipline of its crews. The Europeans would listen politely, veiling a smile of incredulity, and would reply, perhaps:

"The Hammer-and-Tongs (or Le Vengeur, or the Admiral Katkoff, as the case might be), that came into port yesterday, is a trifle antiquated, as she has been built three years. You should see one of our new ships."

All this was before the war with Spain, and the people who lived about the shores of Strabo's ocean were skeptical as to the existence of an American navy. The situation afforded one ray of comfort: the crews of all these various ships, whether English, French or Russian, were a drunken and disorderly lot, much given to breaking glassware in saloons, to staggering about the streets, and to riding, six or eight at a time, in cabs, with their legs projecting from the windows.

"Such things are a disgrace to civilization," the American residents would cry; "they are not permitted for a moment in our navy. Our sailors are gentlemen, and are not allowed to make beasts of themselves. Wait till one of our ships comes here and you will see how sailors ought to behave."

So much advantage was taken of this point that the impression was at last created that it would be difficult to distinguish a detachment of American sailors, in the matter of conduct, from a delegation from the Y. M. C. A.

At last the opportunity to prove all these assertions became imminent, and much rejoicing resulted. The New York Bugle, Paris edition, announced that the American second-class cruiser, the Oskosh, had left the harbor of Malta, bound for Beirut, and would stop at the Piræus for coal.

The expression, "second-class," as used by the Bugle, was resented by some who claimed that everything pertaining to the American navy was strictly first-class; but these perturbed spirits were soon appeased by the explanation that the term was merely used to designate the kind of ship, and that a "second-class" cruiser might in reality be first-class, in the English of terra firma.

Well, the Oskosh arrived at last, and she was all that had been demanded of her in the imaginations of the waiting Americans, and more. She was as sharp as a knife, as trim as a swallow and as spotlessly white as a girl in communion dress. The members of the colony went down to see her, and they dragged along with them as many of the members of the other colonies as they could lay their hands on.

"She's only a second-class cruiser, you see," they explained modestly; "but you can get some idea from her of the discipline and the general shipshapeness of everything in our navy."

This was sweet revenge; but, alas! how true is it that pride goeth ever before a fall. The American colony awoke one morning to read in the newspapers that a squad of marines had raised such a riot the night before in the town of Piræus that all previous exploits of English, Russians and French were forever eclipsed. They took possession, it seems, of the saloon known as To Horologi (The Clock), and there imbibed, by way of experiment merely, and in the interests of science, various strange liquors peculiar to the Orient. Raki and scented cognac were among these, and the result was one long to be remembered. Private Denis Reagan, usually most affectionate when deepest in his cups, became pugnacious under the influence of mastic, and conceived himself to be in the heart of a hostile country, whose entire army he could whip—single-handed. He opened hostilities by hurling the bowl of a Turkish water-pipe at the head of the proprietor of the place. Had he hit the man, eternal justice would have been vindicated, for he was a scoundrel of deepest dye, who enriched himself at the expense of sailor men befuddled upon his own vile concoctions. Mr. Reagan missed, however, and a shattered mirror still bears evidence to the rudeness of American sailors and the futility of Mr. Reagan's aim—for they never mend things in the Orient. The Americans were immediately set upon by a mob of Greeks, among whom were several policemen and petty officers of the regular army, who in that country do police duty. Mr. Reagan soon found himself actually in the position of his alcoholic imaginings—or very nearly so: with the assistance of five comrades he must whip a veritable army of Greeks and escape, or be seized and cast into durance vile. The Americans, keeping a solid front, used their terrible fists to good effect. Knives flashed, but fortunately were used for innocent slashing instead of stabbing, as the natives feared to kill one of the crew of that floating battery out in the harbor. Mr. Reagan broke through at last with the aid of a strange weapon. The proprietor's dog, a long, bony cur of the Molossian type, seized him by the calf, and he grabbed the animal by the two hindlegs and, swinging him about his head, soon cleared the way to the door. Along the ill-lighted streets to the wharf the conflict raged, the sailors of Uncle Sam fighting like veritable devils, and to such good effect that the roughs about the Piræus still affirm that one American is as bad as five Russians, ten Frenchmen or three Englishmen. Reinforcements arrived in the nick of time, in the persons of three other sailors enjoying shore leave, and the Americans got away in the boat, singing A Hot Time in the Old Town To-night, and shouting ribald taunts.

When Alcibiades Skokos returned to his saloon and looked sadly about, he was moved almost to tears. The place could not have been in worse condition had a whirlwind entered at one door and passed out of the other. He consoled himself with the reflection that he would visit the captain in the morning and put in an enormous bill. Alas! in the morning, when he walked out upon the wharf and gazed seaward, he beheld no Oskosh. The cruiser had sailed away in the night—had vanished as completely as though she had been but a thing of dreams.

A couple of days later a very bedraggled American marine walked into the office of the American consul in Athens. Pulling his cap from his head, he sat upon the edge of a chair and looked sheepishly at the official. There was another caller in the room, a little gray man with twinkling eyes, tiny gray imperial and waxed mustaches.

"What can I do for you?" asked the consul of Mr. Denis Reagan, for it was indeed he.

"If it's all the same to you, sir," said Mr. Reagan, turning his cap about in nervous fingers, "I'd like to rejoin me ship."

"Why were you not on board when she sailed away?"

"Well, you see, sir, we were having a little dispute with a saloon—that is to say, sir, a restaurant keeper—when my comrades left, and, in the distraction, they got away without me."

"You were one of that drunken rabble that disgraced the American navy the other day at the Piræus?" shouted the consul. "You have put the whole American colony here to shame, and I'm disgusted with you—we're all disgusted with you."

"I'm sorry you look at it that way, sir. I'm sure ye

have no cause to be ashamed of the fight we put up. At any rate, I want to get back to my ship and stand me share of the punishment. I want to tell the captain that I'm most to blame

"Well, the captain has sailed away without you," replied the consul, "and I've no doubt he's glad to be rid of you. At any rate, I'm busy now, and can't talk with you. Come back at another time. I'm thoroughly disgusted with you. I don't know whether I'll help you or not."

Mr. Reagan walked from the room as bravely as he could He was hungry, but not sufficiently so as yet to speak of it. When a man gets hungry enough he tells of it, though it takes some men longer than others to arrive at the telling point

"Will you furnish him the money to go on to his ship?" asked Count Cavalla, the Queen's private secretary and a crony of the consul's

"I shall have to do something with him," replied the consul. "We can't have him hanging about town in a shabby United States uniform. But I don't know as he'll be so anxious to go when he thinks it over. The ship may be moving, and it will be difficult for him to catch it. His expenses must be deducted from his pay, and if he finally catches his vessel he'll be in disgrace with the captain."

"I asked," explained the count, "because, if he is willing and the naval authorities were disposed to ignore him——"

"That's just what they sometimes do," interrupted the consul, "with chaps who miss their ships. They just leave them to shift for themselves."

"Well, then, I could make use of him. You've noticed the big guard who stands at the palace door. He speaks French, English and German, but it so happens that the great majority of tourists who wish to go through the palace are Americans. They are very persistent and wish to penetrate even to the private apartments of their Majesties. They must be handled good-naturedly and not allowed to disturb the tranquillity of their Majesties. Now, this man is exactly such a person as Her Majesty has instructed me to look out for: he bears a resemblance to the other guard, an Albanian. Like him, he is over six feet tall, is blue-eyed and of handsome appearance. But, more than all, he has fiery red hair, of exactly the same shade as that of the other guard, and would, in all respects, match him perfectly. He——"

"George!" shouted the consul, and his messenger entered. "Run after that American marine who just left the room and tell him to come back here."

Mr. Reagan was brought back, the case was laid before him, and, having a romantic streak in his nature, he accepted the position of guard at the palace door. He dined that evening at His Majesty's expense, eating so much that the onlooking Greeks muttered, "That's why the Americans are so strong. One of them eats as much as five ordinary men."

Thus it happened that Denis Reagan, because of the peculiar shade of his fiery red hair, became a guard at the King's palace in Athens It was a part of his duties to stand at the left side of the main entrance, attired in spotless fustanellas and a red fez, and to come to statue-like attention when the bugles announced that their Majesties were leaving the palace or returning thereto. The only weapon that he wore was a short sword, which he would have been expected to use in case of riot or to turn back violent cranks with

When tourists presented themselves, if they spoke English he took them in tow and conducted them through such rooms of the palace as were open for inspection. His brogue was unmistakable, and fell with such surprise upon the ears of wandering Americans, who took him for an Albanian, that they could scarcely credit their senses.

"Albanian?" he would explain with perfect good humor. "yis, I'm an Albanian from Cah-rrk!"

It was upon the second day of his service with the King that his eyes rested upon the charming but implike countenance of Fifine Larose, employed about the person of Her Majesty.

"*Oh, mon dieu!*" she rippled; "*comme il a les cheveux rouv! Oh, la! la! la!*"

Being Irish-American, Mr. Reagan had no fear of anything in petticoats. He stood before her, barring the way.

"Shevoo roo, is it? Ye'll play no sort of a roozh with Dinnis Reagan. Havin' addrissed a remark to me, I'd be glad to enter into conversations with ye, but I spake no haythen lingo."

"I said, how we have ze hair red, pouff! like ze fire!" and Fifine, with eloquent hands lifted to her temples, represented the trembling of flames with her fingers.

Mr. Reagan looked down upon her gravely from his six feet three, gazing into her merry eyes and nodding solemnly.

"I t'ought that rosebud mouth of yours was pretty enough to spake some Christian tongue," he observed. She laughed, and, slipping past him, ran lightly down the long hall. A ray of yellow light from a window fell upon her hair, and he noticed that it was yellow, like ripe wheat, and very abundant. She was petite, and trim and graceful as an antelope. She looked back over her shoulder and seeing him standing there, gazing after her, lifted her skirts slightly and made two or three steps imitative of the ballet.

"She's makin' fun of me Albanian costume," mused Mr. Reagan as he passed on. "The darlin' little divvil!"

The next time that Mr. Reagan encountered Fifine he stopped her to announce, "If the color of me hair is displeasin' to ye I'll dye it anny shade that ye say. Spake but the word and I'll dye it bloo. I'd make anny kind of a monkey of myself rather than to be for one instant displeasin' to those atharry eyes of yours."

It must be remembered that Mr. Reagan, in addition to being an Irish-American, was a sailor man, and that the

THE CREATOR ROBBED SUMMER AND WINTHER OF ALL THEIR BEST GRACES TO ADAHRN YOUR SWATE FACE"

exigencies of the sea lead to rapid love-making. Where one is but a few hours or days at best in a port and then must sail far, far away, it is necessary to condense into a brief space romances that otherwise would consume years. The courtship, the sweet avowals, the supreme understanding, the eternal farewell must all be got through with between the casting and the lifting of the anchor

Mr. Reagan began to study the habits of Ma'm'selle Larose and to seek her society. It would be ungallant to imagine that she in turn suspected his intentions and put herself in his way; if such were the case Mr. Reagan was far too gallant to let the idea enter his head. That he saw her often and found many opportunities to talk with her he attributed to a series of lucky coincidences

"If it's a fool for luck, thin it's the prince of all fools that ye air, Dinnis Reagan," he congratulated himself

Strangely enough, despite the coincidences, he made little progress in his love-making. She would not take him seriously, and his terms of endearment and flattery awoke no response save light, tantalizing badinage. A man must be of an extremely buoyant nature when he can take a violent attack of love cheerfully. Mr. Reagan was of the sort who do not mope or despond in love or war while there is a fighting chance. He passed the hours while standing at attention on the left side of the palace entrance casting in the workshop of his brain projectiles of sweet speech with which to bombard the heart of Fifine.

"The Creator robbed summer and winther of all their best graces to adahrn your swate face," he told her one morning "Your neck is snow and your cheeks are wild roses of June; your eyes are great dhraps of doo with the sun shinin' through 'em; your lips are red carnations and your breath is the shmell of thim"

"I sink zat you have kiss zat stone what zey call ze—ze——"

"The Blarney sthone, is it? I have shmall need to kiss the Blarney sthone when discoursin' of your graces."

They were in the King's garden and quite alone.

"Spakin' of kisses, will you not give me one swate kiss from your lips, to forget all my troubles forever?" pleaded Mr. Reagan; and he attempted to put his arm about Fifine, who slipped away from him and retreated agilely for some distance, where she stood ready for flight. The maddening feature of it all, from Mr. Reagan's standpoint, was that she was not in the least angry. Had he succeeded in kissing her, he felt sure that her displeasure would have all been vented in a box upon the ear. He would have enjoyed any sort of a blow that those little hands could inflict.

"Come back here, darlin'," he urged. "Come back here till I tell you an American joke. I give you my word of honor that I'll not lay the weight of a finger on you, and Dinnis Reagan's word is as good as anny man's."

She came closer.

"Somesing amusong?" she asked, her eyes dancing with pleasure. "Oh, zat will be grand. I love ze racconts amusong, and ze American mus' be ver' droll."

"There was a man once," began Mr Reagan; "come a little closer."

"Not sis morning Zere was a man once—yes"

"There was a man once who heard that fish are good food for the brain."

"Food for ze brain?" she inquired in all seriousness. "But ze brain he do not eat

"Good food to make the brain grow, if ye haven't brain enough. So what does this man do? What does he do? He writes to the iditor of his paper and he asks him, 'Mr. Iditor, what sort of a fish do ye advise me to ate?' And the iditor replies, he says, says he, 'Knowin' ye as well as I do, I advise ye to ate a whale.' A whale!" And Mr. Reagan began to laugh What was his surprise, however, to observe that Mam'selle, for once in her life, was gazing at him seriously. He ceased his laughter and regarded her curiously, for her eyes denoted puzzled inquiry.

"But ze flesh of ze whale is not to eat," she opposed. "I never hear before sat men eat ze flesh of ze whale."

The American joke was too subtle for Fifine, who, even after it was explained to her, stuck to her original objection.

Mr. Reagan, in thinking the matter over afterward, came to the wise conclusion that the one thing that all women understand, "be they Chinee or Chocktaw, Gentile or Jew, Dutch, Mongolian or white, is the language of love" It also dawned upon him that Fifine was putting herself in his way, and, as he expressed it, "havin' foon with me." He therefore determined to turn the tables on her and to catch and kiss her at the first opportunity. His chance seemed to occur on the very day of making this heroic resolve. Passing down a long hall on the second story of the palace with two old maids from Boston in tow, he observed his elusive lady moving across a small and luxuriously furnished room, the door of which was open, belonging to the Queen's apartments. He bade the old maids adieu at the bottom of the grand stairway and hastened back with his purpose in mind. He reached the open door and peeped in.

"There she stands," he murmured, "the darlin'!" The trim, petite form, the mass of yellow hair—where was there such another charming figure in all Athens? She was gazing from a window with her hands clasped behind her back. Mr. Reagan stole swiftly forward on tiptoe and seized the girl tightly in such a manner as to imprison her arms. With his disengaged hand he grasped her chin tenderly but relentlessly, twisted the face toward him and imprinted a kiss squarely upon the mouth thus upturned. 'Twas not a very satisfactory kiss, for the mouth was open to emit a scream—a scream of such genuine terror and disgust that Mr. Reagan, late of the United States navy, jumped back in consternation. It was not Fifine at all that confronted him, but some one whom

he had never seen before; a lady who now, as he started to flee from the room, called "stop" in the imperious voice of one accustomed to command. She moved toward a bell in the wall, but, ere she had time to reach it, several people came running in answer to that piercing scream, among them a couple of burly guards. She pointed to Mr. Reagan with flashing eyes and he was hustled from the room in no gentle manner. In the yard below his wrists were tightly bound together with a rope, and he was ignominiously marched through the public streets to be cast into a dark, foul-smelling and mouldy dungeon. That night he dined on a chunk of black bread and an earthen jar of warm water. He had no place to sleep save the stone floor of the dungeon, so he sat up in a hard, uncomfortable chair and thought.

"'Tis a fool for luck, indade," he concluded; "but the kind o' luck depinds on the kind o' fool. The next time ye take a lady by surprise, Dinnis Reagan, 'twill be with her consint, and befoor ye make free with her ye'll be sure she isn't somebody else."

In the morning he breakfasted as he had dined, the food being shoved in to him as though he were a dog. About ten o'clock the consul came to see him

"Well, Reagan," said the consul, "you are in a serious pickle this time, for sure, and I don't know what I can do to help you. To tell you the truth, I don't feel like doing anything for you. You have now disgraced the colony beyond all precedent. The whole Greek nation is furious, for the thing has got into the papers. Lucky for you that lynching is unknown in this country. The Princess Irene is the special pet of the people, who have been awaiting her return from Russia with much eagerness." The consul, who was an elderly man, spoke slowly, as one sermonizing. At the words, "Princess Irene," Mr. Reagan pursed up his lips and gave vent to a low whistle.

"Can you offer any excuse for this extraordinary conduct, this insult to the Royal family and the Greek nation?"

Mr. Reagan scratched his red head

"If I say I thought I was kissing Fifine," he mused, "'twill create the impression that it was by her consint. I'm to blame and I have no right to bring her name into it. What is the punishment for my offinse?" he asked

"Unless I can make some excuse for you, and at present I see none, you will be given forty lashes less one, and be driven from the country. If I could get you into the hands of our naval authorities I suppose you would be put in irons and taken back to America and tried. Can you offer no explanation whatever of your outrageous conduct?"

"No, sir. I'll take me punishment, phativer it is." In this emergency Mr Reagan was doing credit to the American navy, though his face was white as he spoke the words.

"I might have a doctor examine you and pronounce you insane," mused the consul

"And would it not be an insult to the swate Princess to found that a man was insane because he found himself impilled to kiss her?" asked Mr. Reagan. "It shall niver be said that Dinnis Reagan insulted a woman."

"You have put me in a very difficult position," said the consul as he took his leave, "and are making more trouble than you are worth. I certainly do not want you whipped—not at least until you are expelled from the navy."

Mr. Reagan lingered in durance vile, living upon scant portions of bread and water, for a full two weeks, during which time the consul, in the absence of the minister, held numerous conferences with the local authorities, and wrote a long dispatch, asking for advice, to the State Department. The dilemma was solved in an unexpected manner, as most dilemmas are. Fifine, who had been appointed Her Highness' maid, became listless, and her cheeks lost the roses which had been so admired by the Irishman. One morning, in combing her mistress' hair, she pulled it, and received a sharp rebuke.

"I wish I pull him all out!" cried the maid, dropping into English, an unconscious tribute to her unfortunate lover. "Zat serve you just right!"

"Fifine!" exclaimed the Princess, too astounded to realize the enormity of the offense. "What is the meaning of this? Have you lost your wits?"

"You t'ink yourself ver' beautiful, *n'est-ce-pas?*" sneered Fifine, her hands upon her hips, her head moving from side to side, her eyes blazing. "You t'ink you the only woman in the world worth kissing, is it not so? You say, 'Ah, he see me, he cannot resist, he kiss me though he die the next minute!' Pah! He not give zat to kiss you! He sink he kiss me! It's me he want to kiss, zat he suppose he kiss."

"But why," asked Her Highness, upon whom the light began to dawn, "has he not explained?"

"Ah, so I ask myself; but now I understand. He not compromise me. He have ze heart of one gentleman. He stay in prison, he suffer whatever your Highness say, but he not bring my name before ze public. He love me, not you."

Fifine broke into a storm of uncontrollable grief and fell upon her knees, her form shaking with sobs.

"Pardon him, sweet Princess, pardon him!" she pleaded in her own tongue, "for I love him! Pardon him for my sake, and I will serve you all my life."

The Princess patted the girl's head and said kindly:

"There, there, my poor Fifine! I will pardon him for your sake. Go now, and I will talk with you when you are less excited"

Fifine obediently left, murmuring, "God bless you for a good Princess!"

Mr. Reagan was released that very night at the Princess' request and was married to Fifine in the morning. The latter's dowry of $2000, bestowed by the Princess, enabled the couple to get out of the country and to have something to begin life with in another land. Mr. Reagan was not restored to his position of trust at the palace entrance, for Her Royal Highness could not abide the presence of the only man, outside the members of her immediate family, who had ever kissed her lips.

FOLLOWING THE CIRCUS

By Arthur E. McFarlane

HE IS LIKE AN ELEPHANT AMONG THE FOXES

THE SIDE-SHOW, FAKES AND FREAKS

IN THE modern circus some of the prodigies sit round the horseshoe of the side-show and the remainder are enthroned upon the platform which runs down the centre of the menagerie tent. But the side-show is the "kid show," and it must have a satisfactory equipment, no matter if the bigger tent go empty.

Tradition, too, has prescribed the personnel of a properly equipped collection of "wonders" almost as rigidly as it has prescribed the cast for all effective melodramas. Heroes and heroines, villains and comic seconds are not necessary; but you must have a wild man, a snake-charmer and a strong man; you must have a Punch and Judy show or a set of marionettes—which are generally manipulated by the inside lecturer and his wife; you must have a lady mind-reader, a magician and a man whom neither manacles, fetters nor padlocked trunk can hold; you must have a sword-swallower, a Circassian girl and a combination which may act as successors of the Siamese Twins; last of all, either a giant or a dwarf is absolutely essential, and if either rates as a "topliner" he must be given a little dais in the middle of the tent.

In the business, too, there are certain set jokes. Thus the collaborator of the blindfolded lady mind-reader holds up the all-too-shining timepiece of some gorgeous Reuben and asks what metal he has in his hand "Brass." "Where did it come from?" "Isidore Cohen's."

The assistant touches a small boy's knockabout. "What have I now?"

"A boy's hat."

"What is there under it?"

"Nothing!"

This always makes the crowd shout with delight In one instance, however, the small boy indignantly burst out: "Well, I guess I have, too! I got my *hair!*" He will probably be a long time finding out why the second shout was even louder than the first.

The magician is also a great joker. And in him the youngsters joy more than in all the others put together. If one may judge by the number of Complete Guides to Parlor Magic which he leaves behind him, in a few years he will be out-rivaled a hundred times over in every town he has passed through. But what matter? He will merely turn himself into a talking crocodile or a four-armed giant; or, better still, he will simply go on taking money out of his silk hat till he need work no more. At present his strong card is making things disappear. A handkerchief is tossed up to him. He works and balls it around between his palms, and—presto—it is just half its former bulk! He kneads it further. It is now no bigger than a marble! He gives it a last palm pressure. *Abracadabra*, it is gone! In three seconds a regulation deck of cards becomes no bigger than a solitaire pack; another two seconds and it, too, has disappeared. "Now, if any of you gentlemen has a mother-in-law," he remarks in a hoarse confidence, "just send her up here right away, and——!"

No mothers-in-law being sent up, he goes on to the next trick. "For this one, friends, I shall require some person of intelligence to act as my assistant. I see a little colored gentleman down in the front, there. I think he'll do exactly." The little colored gentleman hesitates rather nervously for a moment, but the proffered honor is one he cannot resist, and he climbs at last to the platform. When, however, the magician sees how *very* little he really is, he stops and rubs the back of his neck in considerable dubiousness. "M—m, no, I'm afraid you won't do, after all. But, oh, no, don't bother getting up to leave. Just sit still—*and I'll make you disappear, too.*" He may have time for two hypnotic passes—but not for three! That little colored gentleman, his eyes wildly rolling, has plunged back into the audience, and he

EVERY ONE MAKES MUCH OF THE MIDGETS

commonly does not stop till he is safely under and out of the tent. There are dangers incidental to going to a circus that even one's much-warning mammy has never dreamed of.

The side-show star who cannot be held by locks or fetters is also very well worth knowing; but life is not made of jokes with him. "Well, now," he begins, "I hold in my hand here a pair of the latest design P. Q. & R handcuffs——"

"Ruts!" cries a ruthless amateur detective from the audience. "Them ain't P. Q. & R's. Them's only old-style [illegible]"

There is a minute of palpable silence. The unfetterable one chokes with gall. "Say," he starts, "I'll just ask you who knows most about handcuffs, you or me? And I'll let you know in the beginnin' that I've had them on before you were born!"

This ought to be a crusher. Yet too often the amateur detective only casts more aspersions upon his honor. If he does, the side-show tradition compels the artist to offer to substitute, for that act, any pair of darbies the interrupter may happen to have in his possession. The results are frequently painful. In the little dressing room walled off at the rear of the show a "manacle man" one evening showed a pair of hands that were most wofully skinned and raw. "I'm goin' to get sore on this stunt, yet," he said darkly; "I've been havin' my word doubted too blasted much lately; I got feelin's and it's somethin' I can't stand for!"

The above may seem to blow rather cynically upon the genuineness of at least one of the side-show wonders.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth paper in Mr. McFarlane's series. The next will appear in an early number.

A SIDE-SHOW "BARKER"

Perhaps, now, you may wish to know, in all candor, just about how much fake there is under the tents of the modern circus? And, in all candor, one may answer that, in the big shows, at any rate, there is very little. It doesn't pay and it is almost unnecessary. I say almost, because in this matter again the traditions are binding. If you lack any of the essential character rôles detailed above you are virtually compelled to create them. But, mark me, you do this conscientiously and only with the object of giving the public its money's worth. If, for example, your sword-swallower has taken to swallowing fish-hooks—of the liquid variety—and must be left behind, it is obvious that some one else must take his place. And if now his substitute does not really swallow swords, but merely simulates it, consider what fine subtlety of intellect must enter into that simulation. Is it not really much more worthy your applause than the original itself? And again, if, as the unknown wildernesses of this earth become more and more narrowed and limited, and wild men give signs of following the dodo into melancholy extinction, is it not the truest public spirit upon the part of the circus which leads it to keep adding to the failing species, to the impoverishment of its own rank and file? This is a reflection upon which all generous souls must pause.

Not infrequently, too, circuses are put to no little humiliation by such philanthropy. A few years ago a justly famous "What-is-it?" whose nearest approach to speech had hitherto been but truculent snarls and growls and ferocious mouthings in the bottom of his den, was found, one summer, to be suffering from a bad tooth. A local dentist was called in. Being a simple-minded forceps wielder, he proceeded to assure that "What-is-it?" that it would not hurt, and then asked it which tooth it was. The creature could only spread its claw-like hands and gaze at him in sullen uncertainty. Its keeper hastened to explain that, of course, the unfortunate being did not understand him, and was dumb into the bargain; he indicated the offending molar himself. One long excruciating wrench and it was out. But, incredible to relate, in that instant the "What-is-it?" found speech, and turned itself loose in a roar of up-to-date Anglo-Saxon profanity such as horrified the case-hardened mind of the dentist himself!

Then there might be recounted the sad but immortal story of the rival white elephants. But that is a chronicle that reflects upon the unblemished integrity of showmen still living, and arouses bitterness in the souls of many others. Rather shall I descend the scale of nature very considerably, and detail the explanatory inside history of one of the cleverest frauds in the world, that of the trained fleas.

Many will remember those astonishing exhibitions. A certain "professor," who "had received medals from all the distinguished universities, as well as from royalty," was the most skillful of the unexampled insect educators. He had his audiences gather in turn about a large round table covered with white paper upon which the performance took place. It was preceded by a lecture on the generally marvelous and too little known intelligence of fleas. Not only could the *pulex irritans* jump fifty times its height and two hundred and fifty times its length, but the size of its cranial cavity was of even more amazing proportions. Although in the natural state it was so wild as to be tamable only with the greatest difficulty, once subdued there seemed to be no degree of instruction that it was incapable of receiving. But he would pause no further; he would proceed at once to the demonstration.

He distributed half a dozen magnifying-glasses among the audience about the table, and then produced a glass bell jar. In it was one of the wild, unbroken *pulicidæ*. It could plainly be seen leaping and flinging itself about, and the onlookers might well believe that its taming would be an impossibility. In that, however, the professor assured them they were in error. In seven or eight days, aided by hunger and exhaustion, he would begin to break the creature's spirit. In time it could be caught and lightly haltered. The next step was to take it out, fondle it and give it something to eat. After further caressing he would put it back again. In the course of less than a month, ladies and gentlemen, that flea would become so attached to him as to anticipate his slightest word!

Enough for the *pulex* in its learning stage. He would pass on to the creatures in a state of education. He could show his audience a thousand evidences of how the little animals take to training; but perhaps two examples would be sufficient. In the first case, taking one of the microscopic beasts from its box with a pair of padded calipers, he set it on a little scaffolding. On the table beneath was the tiniest of celluloid buckets, containing perhaps half a drop of water. To the handle of it was attached a silken filament, about the thickness of a strand of spider's web. This was passed to the flea above. It grasped it instantly and hauled up the bucket!

But this was as nothing to compare with what followed. A fairy carriage was produced. The padded calipers brought forth another trained flea, and it was put into the gossamer harness! Then another was set up on the coachman's seat, a whip put into one "hand" and the reins into the other. At once that whip began to wave, the ribbons drew taut, and the elfin equipage ran round and round! It would have been absolutely unbelievable had it not been taking place there, on the table, before their very eyes. And those who were fortunate enough to hold the magnifying glasses could guarantee the genuineness of the exhibition to those who were not!

At least, they believed they could. But, as a matter of fact, those magnifying-glasses were very carefully limited in power. They did not show that the flea on the scaffolding had been set into a sort of gum, as had also been the other on the coachman's box. They did not show that that carriage harness consisted only of an irregular tissue of sticky silk, nor that the pigmy whipstock was also gummed, and it waved only as its holder struggled to be free. Scarcely less simple, too, was the explanation of the rest of it. When those unhappy *pulicidæ* found themselves glued down, their forepaws very naturally clutched out for anything they could grasp. Into the antennæ of one was put the bucket cord; its drawing up was purely spasmodic. Into the antennæ of the other were given the reins; and its frantic tightening of them started the beast in harness into movement.

But why did that harnessed one not leap and spring after the nature of his kind? Why was his gait a sort of ambling trot? The answer to that is one which accounts also for the untamed and bellicose flea. The latter had as yet been left in possession of his jumping legs. From all the "trained fleas" they had been removed. It was a piece of cruel ingenuity that made all the difference in the world.

But I say again that there is little deception in the big modern circuses. They have so many actual prodigies offered them that they have no need to resort to the manufactured article. The value of a good freak has become known to the uttermost parts of the earth. The lesser foreign consuls and commercial agents are continually taking options on local wonders, in the hope of being able to retail them to the great American shows. The story of the acquisition of the Corean Twins may be briefly cited as a good example of this. The representative of the Vickers Maxim Company in Seoul heard of the doublet from some of the natives of the interior who had come down to trade. He followed them back up country with an interpreter, made a private bargain with the father, and then cabled the headquarters of one of the big shows. It sent out one of its agents, and the Vickers Maxim man found that he had done a stroke of business much more profitable than the wholesaling of machine guns.

In the show itself the position of the freak is rather a sad one. Of course, every one makes much of the midgets; the chorus girls darling them, and they are given, if not "the smallest horse in the world" to ride, at least the quietest of little donkeys. But as for the rest of the prodigies, by all the professional performers they are held aloof and in contumely. Also, as each and every one of them is privately convinced that he or she is the single attraction that draws the crowd, among themselves there are constantly the greatest differences of opinion. Then, too, the fact of their being uplifted and enthroned above the rest of the world has its drawbacks. Thus the Sole Survivor from Martinique when in Washington and Baltimore found himself the target of the unrestrained jeers and disparagement of all his dusky brethren in the audience crowds. He *was* the Sole Survivor, though, and no fake, and he had the lava scars to prove it; and though he had already learned the American custom of carrying a "razzer," he still compelled himself to swallow his feelings and merely *look* his measureless contempt. After three weeks of that, however, the Mont Pelée he had endured became as nothing to the Mont Pelée he had within him. And one day he forgot his rank and state, he descended from his dais, and most frightful things began to happen. . . . Now that Sole Survivor from Martinique is the sole representative of a great circus in an inner apartment of a Southern hostelry which shall be nameless.

The situation of the giant is especially *difficile*. He may be able to reach down and gather some ten or a dozen ordinary mortals into a helpless sheaf, but little does that avail him in the brutal day-by-day strugglings of this world. He is like an elephant among the foxes. The giant with whom we had chiefly to do was a rather foggy-headed French peasant by the name of Hugo. He was more than eight feet high, three feet wide, and had a megaphone voice and a capacity for pain and provender in proportion. We remember in particular one night of woe for him. On a circus train the private coaches, ladies' cars and family sleepers are so commingled that the wayfaring man may in nowise pass through the whole series. You reach your own car by your own platform and in no other way. Now, on hot nights you are very likely to sit on the cool grass or walk up and down outside till the last allowable moment before starting. Generally you have from about half-past ten till midnight. This time, however, when Hugo happened to be far up at the other end of the long red line of Pullmans, they began to move. He had to swing himself aboard just where he was; and in truth he was in a strange land and far from home. His own berth—the only one he could possibly use—was specially made for him; and it was in reality a berth and two-thirds. The car in which he now found himself was inhabited by cruel-hearted ring-performers. They invited him repeatedly and facetiously to share their respective quarters. He only glared and waited for the train to stop again. It did not stop, and he spent the entire night propped up in the corner. . . . From twelve till seven next morning, every few minutes his rabid inward rumblings would rise anew into an outburst of furious roaring; and until he had had his breakfast he was given all the room he wanted.

But a few evenings later, in some measure, he got even. You must know that circus people eat their last meal between four and five in the afternoon—that is, immediately after the first performance. As you "work" till ten, however, and the circus breakfast is one of the most movable of feasts, you find it both wise and timely to get a kind of supplementary supper in the town as you are striking for the cars at night. Few of the restaurants in the smaller "burgs" are expecting this, and the ravenous hundreds who sweep in upon their tables just as they are closing up fairly stagger them.

On this particular night, by a series of outrageous mischances Hugo had been detained upon the lot till late. And as he hastened hungrily downtown he passed eating house after eating-house on the doors of which was the too familiar legend: *Everything Out!* Gnawing at his hands, he rushed rancorously on. And at last he found a restaurant in which there still remained both sitting-room and food. But—*prob pudor*—this Boniface had protracted his meagre supplies only by dividing single portions into double—yes, and finally into quadruple—ones! Hugo knows English enough to indicate his inner needs upon a bill-of-fare. He pointed to porterhouse steak—and there was laid before him a piece which he might almost have concealed between his thumb and forefinger, as he conceals fifty-cent pieces! He looked at it and the proportionate butter-patty full of potatoes. Then he reared himself on his hindlegs, swung loose his arms, and the bellow he emitted transcended all records since the time of the bulls of Bashan. . . . When Stanley's expedition was ascending a river in one of the cannibal districts in central Africa, at every turn bands of savages would appear upon the bank, and with one voice they vociferated the native words for "*Meat! Much meat!*"—the explorers being the meat in question! That perverted restaurant-keeper did not comprehend what Hugo's words might signify—but he had every reason for believing that he himself was now the meat in the order. For a moment he stood paralyzed. Bellowing again, Hugo started to hoist himself over the serving-counter; and with frantic haste that Boniface proceeded to put before him about everything remaining in the shop. With Hugo, if not with the others, it was well.

A LOCAL DENTIST WAS CALLED IN

THE COST

By David Graham Phillips

GOOD TO LOOK AT, AND AS FRESH AS IF SHE WERE JUST FROM A BATH

XIII

GLADYS was now twenty-four and was even more anxious to marry than is the average unmarried person. She had been eleven years a wanderer; she was tired of it. She had no home; and she wanted a home.

Her aunt—her father's widowed sister—had taken her abroad when she was thirteen. John was able to defy or to deceive their mother. But she could and did enforce upon Gladys the rigid rules which her fanatical nature had evolved—a minute and crushing tyranny. Therefore Gladys preferred any place to her home. For ten years she had been roaming Western Europe, nominally watched by her lazy, selfish, and physically and mentally near-sighted aunt. Actually her only guardian had been her own precocious, curiously prudent, curiously reckless self. She had been free to do as she pleased; and she had pleased to do very free indeed. She had learned all that her intense and catholic curiosity craved to know, had learned it of masters of her own selecting—the men and women who would naturally attract a lively young person, eager to rejoice in an escape from slavery. Her eyes had peered far into the human heart, farthest into the corrupted human heart; yet, with her innocence she had not lost her honesty or her instinctive preference for the things she had been brought up to think clean.

But she had at last wearied of a novelty which lay only in changes of scene and of names, without any change whatever in characters or plot. She began to be bored with the game of baffling the hopes inspired by her beauty and encouraged by her seeming of simplicity. And when her mother came—as she said to Pauline, "The only bearable view of mother is a distant view. I had forgot there were such people left on earth—I had thought they'd all gone to their own kind of heaven." So she fled to America, to Pauline.

Dumont stayed eight days at the Eyrie on that trip, then went back to his congenial life in New York—to his business and his dissipation. He tempered his indulgence in both nowadays with some exercise—his stomach, his heart, his nerves and his doctor had together given him a bad fright. The evening before he left he saw Pauline and Gladys sitting apart and joined them.

"Why not invite Scarborough to spend a week up here?" he asked, just glancing at his wife. He never ventured to look at her when there was any danger of their eyes meeting

Her lips tightened and the color swiftly left her cheeks and swiftly returned.

"Wouldn't you like it, Gladys?" he went on.

"Oh, *do* ask him, Pauline," said Gladys with enthusiasm. Like her brother she always went straight to the point—she was in the habit of deciding for herself, of thinking what she did was above criticism, and of not especially caring if it was criticised. "Please do."

Pauline waited long—it seemed to her long enough for time to wrinkle her heart before answering: "We'll need another man. I'll ask him—if you wish."

Gladys pressed her hand gratefully—she was fond of Pauline, and Pauline was liking her again as she had when they were children and playmates and partners in the woes of John Dumont's raids upon their games. Just then Langdon's sister, Mrs. Barrow, called her to the other end of the drawing-room. Dumont's glance followed her. "I think it'd be a good match," he said thoughtfully.

Pauline's heart missed a beat and a suffocating choke contracted her throat. "What?" she succeeded in saying.

"Gladys and Scarborough," replied Dumont. "She ought to marry—she's got no place to go. And it'd be good business for her—and for him, too, for that matter, if she could land him. Don't you think she's attractive to men?"

"Very," said Pauline lifelessly

"Don't you think it would be a good match?" he went on.

"Very," she said, looking round wildly, as her breath came more and more quickly.

Langdon strolled up. "Am I interrupting a family council?" he asked.

"Oh, no," Dumont replied, rising. "Take my chair." And he was gone.

"This room is too warm," said Pauline. "No, don't open the window. Excuse me a moment." She went into the hall, threw a golf cape round her shoulders and stepped out on the veranda, closing the door-window behind her. It was a moonless, winter night—stars thronging the blue-black sky; the steady lamp of a planet set in the southern horizon.

When she had been walking there for a quarter of an hour the door-window opened and Langdon looked out. "Oh—there you are!" he said.

"Won't you join me?" Her tone assured him that he would not be intruding. He got a hat and overcoat and they walked up and down together.

"Those stars irritate me," he said, after a while. "They make me appreciate that this world's a tiny grain of sand adrift in infinity, and that I'm —— There's nothing little enough to express the human atom where the earth's only a grain. And then they go on to taunt me with how short-lived I am and how it'll soon be all over for me—forever. A futile little insect, buzzing about, waiting to be crushed under the heel of the Great Executioner."

"Sometimes I feel that," answered Pauline. "But again —— Often, as a child—and since, when everything has seemed dark and ugly for me, I've gone where I could see them. And they seemed to draw all the fever and the fear out of me, and to put there instead a sort of—not happiness, not even content, but—courage."

They were near the rail now, she gazing into the southern sky, he studying her face. It seemed to him that he had not seen any one so beautiful. She was all in black that evening with a diamond star glittering in her hair high above her forehead. She looked like a splendid plume dropped from the starry wing of night. "You feel that way," he said, his tone jesting, "because you are their sister. And I feel as I do because I'm a brother of the earthworms."

Her face changed. "Oh, but so am I!" she exclaimed, with a passion he had never seen or suspected in her before. She drew a long breath, closed her eyes and opened them. "You don't know, you can't imagine, how I long to *live!* And *I* know what 'to live' means."

"Then why don't you?" he asked—he liked to catch people in their confidential moods and to peer into the hidden places in their hearts, not impudently but with a sort of scientific curiosity.

"Because I'm a daughter—that's anchor number one. Because I'm a mother—that's anchor number two. Because I'm a wife—that's anchor number three. And anchor number four—because I'm under the spell of inherited instincts that rule me though I don't in the least believe in them. Tied, hands and feet!"

"Inherited instinct." He shook his head sadly. "That's the skeleton at life's banquet. It takes away my appetite."

She laughed without mirth, then sighed with some self-mockery. "It frightens *me* away from the table."

XIV

BUT Scarborough declined her invitation. However, he did come twice to dinner in the next ten days; and Gladys, who had no lack of confidence in her power to charm when and whom she chose, was elated by his friendliness then and when she met him at other houses

Pauline had now lingered at Saint X two months beyond the time she originally set. She told herself she had reached the limit of endurance in self-sacrifice; she told Gladys it was impossible for her longer to neglect the new house in Fifth Avenue. With an effort she added: "You'd rather stay on here, wouldn't you?"

"I detest New York," replied Gladys. "And I've never enjoyed myself in my whole life as I'm enjoying it here."

So, heavy-hearted and alone, she went East, went direct to Dawn Hill, Dumont's country place at Manhasset, Long Island, which he never visited. She invited Leonora Fanshaw down to stand between her thoughts and herself.

In her splendor her nearest approach to intimacy had been with Leonora.

She had no illusions about the company she was keeping in the East. She felt that these "friends" were in no proper sense either her friends or each other's. Drawn together from all parts of America, indeed of the world, by the magnetism of millions, they had known each other not at all or only slightly in the period of life when thorough friendships are made; even where they had been associates as children, the association had rarely been of the kind that creates friendship's democratic intimacy. They had no common traditions, no real class-feeling, no common enthusiasms—unless the passion for keeping rich, for getting richer, for enjoying and displaying riches, could be called enthusiasm. They were merely intimate acquaintances, making small pretense of friendship, having small conception of it or desire for it beyond that surface politeness which enables people whose selfish interests lie in the same direction to get on comfortably together

They fell into two classes. There were those who, like herself, kept up great establishments and entertained lavishly and engaged in the courteous but fierce rivalry of fashionable ostentation. Then there were those who hung about the courts of the rich, invited because they filled in the large backgrounds and contributed conversation or ideas for new amusements, accepting because they loved the atmosphere of luxury which they could not afford to create for themselves.

Leonora was undeniably in the latter class. But she was associated in Pauline's mind with the period before her splendor. She had been friendly when Dumont was unknown beyond Saint X The others sought her—well, for the same reasons of desire for distraction and dread of boredom which made her welcome them. But Leonora, she more than half believed, liked her to a certain extent for herself—"likes me better than I like her." And at times she was self-reproachful for being thus exceeded in self-giving. Leonora, for example, told her her most intimate secrets, some of them far from creditable to her. Pauline told nothing in return. She sometimes longed for a confidant, or, rather, for some person who would understand without being told, some one like Olivia, but her imagination refused to picture Leonora as that kind of friend. Even more pronounced than her frankness, and

SHE LOOKED LIKE A SPLENDID PLUME DROPPED FROM THE STARRY WING OF NIGHT

she was frank to her own hurt, was her biting cynicism—it was undeniably amusing; it did not exactly inspire distrust, but it put Pauline vaguely on guard. Also, she was candidly mercenary, even greedy, and, in some moods, rapaciously envious—"But no worse than so many of the others here," thought Pauline, "once one gets below the surface. Besides, it's in a good-natured, good-hearted way."

She wished Fanshaw were as rich as Leonora longed for him to be. She was glad Dumont seemed to be putting him in the way of making a fortune. He was distasteful to her, but for Leonora's sake she invited him. And Leonora was appreciative, was witty, never monotonous or commonplace, most helpful in getting up entertainments, and good to look at—always beautifully dressed and as fresh as if she were just from a bath; sparkling green eyes, usually with good humored mockery in them; hard, smooth, glistening shoulders and arms; lips like a thin crimson line, at once cold and sensitive.

On a Friday in December Pauline came up from Dawn Hill and, after two hours at the new house, went to the jeweler's to buy a wedding present for Aurora Galloway. As she was passing the counter where the superintendent had his office his assistant said, "Beg pardon, Mrs. Dumont. The necklace came in this morning. Would you like to look at it?"

She paused, not clearly hearing him. He took a box from the safe behind him and lifted from it a magnificent necklace of graduated pearls with a huge solitaire diamond clasp. "It's one of the finest we ever got together," he went on. "But you can see for yourself." He was flushing in the excitement of his eagerness to ingratiate himself with such a distinguished customer.

"Beautiful," said Pauline, taking the necklace as he held it out to her. "May I ask whom it's for?"

The clerk looked puzzled, then frightened as the implications of her obvious ignorance dawned upon him.

"Oh—I—I——" He almost snatched it from her, dropped it into the box, put on the lid. And he stood with mouth ajar and forehead beaded.

"Please give it to me again," said Pauline coldly. "I had not finished looking at it."

His uneasy eyes spied the superintendent approaching. He grew scarlet, then white, and in an agony of terror blurted out: "Here comes the superintendent. I beg you, Mrs. Dumont, don't tell him I showed it to you. I've made some sort of a mistake. You'll ruin me if you speak of it to any one. I never thought it might be intended as a surprise to you. Indeed, I wasn't supposed to know anything about it. Maybe I was mistaken——"

His look and voice were so pitiful that Pauline replied reassuringly: "I understand—I'll say nothing. Please show me those," and she pointed to a tray of unset rubies in the show-case.

And when the superintendent, bowing obsequiously, came up himself to take charge of this important customer, she was deep in the rubies which the assistant was showing her with hands that shook and fingers that blundered.

"I BEG YOU, MRS. DUMONT, DON'T TELL HIM I SHOWED IT TO YOU"

She did not permit her feelings to appear until she was in her carriage again and secure from observation. The clerk's theory she could not entertain for an instant, contradicted as it was by the facts of six years. She knew she had surprised Dumont. She had learned nothing new, but it forced her to stare straight into the face of that which she had been ignoring. At a time when her mind was filled with bitter contrasts between what was and what might have been, it brought bluntly to her the precise kind of life she was leading, the precise kind of surroundings she was tolerating.

"Whom can he be giving such a gift?" she wondered. And she had her first and last impulse to confide in Leonora, to ask her who it was. "No doubt everybody knows, except me."

She called for her, as she had promised, and took her to lunch at Sherry's. But the impulse to confide died as Leonora talked—of money, of ways of spending money; of people who had money, and those who hadn't money; of people who were spending too much money, of those who weren't spending enough money; of what she would do if she had money, of what many did to get money. Money, money, money—it was all of the web and most of the woof of her talk. Now it ran boldly on the surface of the pattern; now it was half hid under something about art or books or plays or philanthropic schemes—but it was always there.

For the first time Leonora jarred upon her fiercely—unendurably. She listened until the sound grew indistinct, became mingled with the chatter of that money-flaunting throng. And presently the chatter seemed to her to be a maddening repetition of one word, money—the central idea in all the thought and all the action of all these people. "I must get away," she thought, "or I shall cry out." And she left abruptly, alleging that she must hurry to catch her train.

Money-mad! her thoughts ran on. The only test of honor—money, and ability and willingness to spend it. They must have money or they're nobodies. And if they have money, who asks or cares where it came from? No one asks where the men get it—why should any one ask where the women get it?

XI

A FEW days afterward—it was a Wednesday—Pauline came up to town early in the afternoon—she had an appointment with the dressmaker and was going to the opera in the evening. At the dressmaker's, as she waited for a fitter to return from the workroom, she glanced at a newspaper spread upon the table so that its entire front page was in view. It was filled with an account of how the Woolens Monopoly had, in that bitter winter, advanced prices twenty to thirty-five per cent. all along the line. From the centre of the page stared a picture of John Dumont—its expression peculiarly arrogant and sinister.

She read the headlines only, then turned from the table. But on the drive uptown she stopped the carriage at the Savoy and sent the footman to the newsstand to get the paper. She read the article through—parts of it several times.

She had Langdon and Honoria Longview at dinner that night; by indirect questioning she drew him on to confirm the article, to describe how the Woolens Monopoly was "giving the country an old-fashioned winter." On the way to the opera she was ashamed of her ermine wrap enfolding her from the slightest sense of the icy air. She did not hear the singers, was hardly conscious of her surroundings. As they left the Metropolitan she threw back her wrap and sat with her neck bared to the intense cold.

"I say, don't do that!" protested Langdon.

She reluctantly drew the fur about her. But when she had dropped him and then Honoria and was driving on up the avenue alone, she bared her neck and arms again—"like a silly child," she said. But it gave her a certain satisfaction, for she felt like one who has a secret store of food in time of famine and feasts upon it. And she sat unprotected.

"Is Mr. Dumont in?" she asked the butler who opened the door of their palace for her.

"I think he is, ma'am."

"Please tell him I'd like to see him—in the library."

She had to wait only three or four minutes before he came—in smoking jacket and slippers. It was long since she had looked at him so carefully as she did then; and she noted how much grosser he was, the puffs under his eyes, the lines of cruelty that were coming out strongly with autocratic power and the custom of receiving meek obedience. And her heart sank. "Useless," she said to herself. "Utterly useless!"

He dropped into a chair before the open fire. "Horribly cold, isn't it?"

She moved uneasily. He slowly lighted a cigar and began to smoke it, his attitude one of waiting. "I've been thinking," she began at last—she was looking reflectively into the fire—"about your great talent for business and finance. You formed your big combination, and because you understood everything about wool you employ more men, you pay higher wages, and you make the goods better than ever, and at less cost."

"Between a third and a half cheaper," he said. "We employ thirty thousand more men, and since we settled the last strike"—a grim smile that would have meant a great deal to her had she known the history of that strike and how hard he had fought before he gave in—"we've paid thirty per cent. higher wages. Yet the profits are—well, you can imagine."

"And you've heaped up millions for yourself and for those in with you."

"I haven't worked and developed my ideas for nothing."

She paused again. It was several minutes before she went on: "When a doctor or a man of science or a philosopher makes a discovery that'll be a benefit to the world"—she looked at him suddenly, earnest, appealing—"he gives it freely. And he gets honor and fame. Why shouldn't you do that, John?"

He smiled into the fire.

"You could be rich, too. We spend twenty, fifty times as much as we can possibly enjoy. Why shouldn't a man with financial genius be like men with other kinds of genius? Why should he be the only one to stay down on the level with dull, money-grubbing, sordid kinds of people? Why shouldn't he have ideals?"

He made no reply. Indeed, so earnest was she that she did not look at him but immediately went on: "Just think, John. Instead of giving out in these charities and philanthropies—I never did believe in them—they're bound to be more or less degrading to the people that take. Instead of those things, why not be really great? Just think, John, how the world would honor you, how you would feel if you used your genius to make the necessaries cheap for all these fellowbeings of ours who have such a hard time getting on. That would be real superiority—and our life now is so vain, so empty. It's brutal, John."

"What do you propose?" he asked, curious as always when a new idea was presented to him.

"You are master. You can do as you please. Why not put your great combine on such a basis that it would bring only an honest, just return to you and the others, and would pay the highest possible wages, and would give the people the benefit of what your genius for manufacturing and for finance has made possible? I think we who are so comfortable and never have to think of the necessaries of life forget how much a few cents here and there mean to most people. And the things you control mean all the difference between warmth and cold, between life and death, John!"

(Continued on Page 22)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 TO 427 ARCH STREET PHILADELPHIA

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Subscription Two Dollars the Year
Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

The net paid circulation of the Christmas Number of The Saturday Evening Post, December 5, was

603,045 Copies

Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ He is a wise man who knows what is in his own pockets.

¶ A thousand-dollar boy with a ten-thousand-dollar education is overcapitalized.

¶ Considering the after effects, Mr. Schwab's job was probably worth $100,000 a year.

¶ When the young husband boasts of home cooking the recording angel gets indigestion.

¶ In these common-sense days a good writer is known by the adjectives he doesn't use.

¶ Our ancestors were brave and hardy heroes. They had no pepsin tablets to follow the plum pudding

¶ A newspaper that boasts of its departments generally omits the most nourishing of them all—the department store.

¶ Leaving the word obey out of the marriage service doesn't matter much. Man waits in the front hall just about the same.

¶ Uncle Sam may marry the two oceans by building the canal, but he need not bring into the family all those poor relations in Central and South America.

The Twentieth-Century Dwelling

THE typical dwelling of the twentieth century has not been built yet, but we are near enough to it to be able to forecast, at least in a general way, what it will be like. It will be made of concrete, or some similar material that will be comparatively unaffected by the weather and that will provide thorough protection against changes in the external temperature. On the outside the building will, of course, be tinted and decorated to suit the taste and means of the owner. Inside it will be given a hard, durable, smooth finish that will not hold dust and that will be impervious to moisture. Not only walls and ceilings but floors will be finished in this way, and at a moment's notice the furnishings can be taken out and a room or the whole house washed down with a stream from a hose and wiped dry with the utmost ease.

The lighting of the twentieth-century dwelling will be by diffusion from tubes of electrified vapor that will give an even and soft illumination all over the house—an illumination that, in many respects, will be better than daylight. But it is in respect to the regulation of atmospheric conditions that the twentieth-century house will possess the most decided advantages over the houses we live in now. The heating and cooling of the air as it will be brought in through screened openings will be done automatically by electricity. There will be electric heaters in winter and refrigerating coils in summer, and the interior of the dwelling, if the occupants so desire, will be kept at an even temperature the year round. Thus it will be possible to have any climate to order—warm or cool, moist or dry—and no doubt the adjustment of these conditions to individual needs will be an important part of the therapeutics of the future. If families cannot agree upon a uniform climate for the entire house, each member of the family can have the sort of climate he or she requires in his or her individual apartments.

The twentieth-century kitchen will delight the heart of the careful housewife. It will be as clean and perfect in all its fittings as a laboratory for the most delicate chemical processes, and, indeed, it will be a laboratory rather than a kitchen. Cooking by electricity will be an exact science. Along one side of the tiled room will be a series of asbestos-lined doors, with thermometric indicators on each door. Put in your materials properly prepared—that is where the art will come in—set the thermostat at the given mark for simmering, stewing, boiling or baking, leave it so for a stated time, and there you are! Food cooked to perfection, and no dust, no dirt, no surplus heat, no steam, no odor. Who would not be a cook in the electric kitchen when the twentieth-century house shall be built?

The Tuft Hunters

AN ENGLISH critic said the other day: "You are just as snobbish in America as are we in Europe. From New York to Nonaquonset there isn't a town where people aren't crazy to associate with somebody who is crazy not to associate with them."

But that doesn't necessarily mean snobbishness. It may, and usually does, mean simply ambition. We look about us for those of our neighbors who come the nearest to embodying our ideals of what human beings should be; and having discovered them, we naturally desire to be recognized by them as belonging in that class. Very few of us have the philosophy—or vanity—to sit content with our own self-approval and self-esteem.

The snobbishness comes in the kind of people we fix on as ideal and the way we go about getting ourself admitted to their charmed society. And that we are better off in this respect than most Europeans is shown by the facts that we at least have not been vulgar enough to make low ideals and cringing, crawling methods of attaining them part of the statutory and customary law of the land.

All that is Coming to Us

FROM every part of the country we have comments, more or less severe, upon the present state of the national House of Representatives. It is no longer a representative body, say the critics. It has lost its constitutional power of originating legislation. Statesmanship has disappeared from its proceedings. The orator finds no opportunity. The individual is lost. The speaker and the committee on rules comprise the whole show and monopolize the rights.

Frankly, there is truth in these criticisms. The House of Representatives is not what it used to be. Political evolution has carried it far beyond oratory and personal competition in debate. It is a department of the government corporation managed from the business office. But it is strictly unfair to charge the change to the men whom we send to Washington. They are, of course, no better than they should be, but they are just about what the people who elected them intended they should become

In a notable address some months ago before one of the universities Justice Brewer said: "It is useless to scold legislators, or lawyers, or judges, or executives. They will never be any better than the popular sentiment that is back of them."

This is absolutely true, and when we consider the present condition of the House of Representatives it is only fair to remember that the Representative in Congress is only as good as the popular sentiment that is back of *him*.

Thus we easily trace the deterioration of our Representatives to the electorates. Find, if you can, in your experience or in your knowledge, a recent Congressional election in which the issues have been large questions of public policy or anything that meets the measure of real statesmanship. Nowadays a member of Congress is elected in an atmosphere of apathy, and very rarely do one-half of the people take the trouble to go out to vote. So it frequently happens that a Representative is sent to Washington by the ballots of a small minority of those who in his constituency are entitled to the franchise

We have before us the official Congressional Directory of the Fifty-eighth Congress, which began an extraordinary session on the ninth of November. In it are the votes received by the various members. Take the case of Speaker Cannon himself. He received only 22,941 votes in a district that has a population of 209 253. His case is far above the average. In the second district of Alabama, with a population of 239,653, the total vote for the Congressman was only about 15,000, and in some other districts, with populations running into the hundreds of thousands, the vote was as low as 12,000 and in many of them below 20,000.

In these days American constituents do not elect Representatives to be statesmen, but to be active agents who will use their efforts to get as much as possible in offices and appropriations for their districts. And thus every two years we have these gentlemen returning home for popular indorsement, basing their claims not on any speeches they made or any great public measures they advanced, but on the boasts that they got as much as they could for their districts. It is not fair, therefore, to put all the blame on them. They are no better than the public sentiment that is back of them.

In other words, we get what we elect.

The Untold Stories

THERE is obviously no necessity for encouraging men and women and children to write. But at the same time no discourager of this splendid and inspiring eagerness for self-expression should go unrebuked. The world contains greater thinkers than it ever contained before, and unless we all take a try at expression, a great loss may be sustained; and, who knows, the very voice the world is waiting to hear may be silenced by one of these shallow, envious fellows who are always urging everybody to be silent.

Every one should try to talk, every one should try to write—try, and try deliberately and conscientiously and dauntlessly. Silence is empty and emptying unless it is spent in preparing for expression. Talking and writing make a full man. As a rule, the more one tries to talk or to write, the less falls from his lips or his pen. The less—and the more.

Villemassant, the brilliant, eccentric founder of Figaro, used to say that every man had at least one valuable story to tell. And there was justice in it. And, when one considers how few valuable stories have been told, one may partially measure the loss from the silence of those who should have spoken.

The Slings and Arrows of Fortune

IT IS one of the commonest remarks of the day that great success is not worth the penalties that attend it. The timid citizen looks at the front-page cartoon picturing the statesman as a monkey, or reads the morning editorial calling the financier a wrecker, or solemnly peruses the letter from Old Subscriber condemning the vigorous preacher as a mountebank, and then concludes that it is far better to shun these dangers by never doing anything that calls for criticism.

There are even faint-hearted wives who prefer that their husbands and sons keep out of the strenuous activities of life for fear that they may be ridiculed or caricatured. It is useless to quote to them old Doctor Johnson's remark that his book would not be a success because it was not being abused enough, or add the very familiar metaphor of the kite and the wind, for such truths have little effect upon the go-easies who would measure the span of years by creature comforts and mild mental satisfactions

It is a question as to whether or not the timid people do not really suffer more than those who get the hard knocks. They have their swarms of little worries—and some strong men would rather be stung occasionally by a hornet than harassed continually by mosquitoes.

Indeed, to the big workers the great difficulties are the best encouragements. All men come to the point of choosing between the little obstacles with the little life or the big obstacles with the big possibilities. After that those who make the larger choice prefer mountains to ant-hills, good stout blows to insect bites.

Disraeli called success the child of audacity. The man who seeks the prizes becomes by his boldness audacious, and when he gets well into the game the very perils he runs and the rebuffs that hit him hammer into his consciousness the necessity of striving further, doing better and reaching a higher mark. He cannot climb down without failure, or stand still with credit, for audacity needs a new and better climax to each act of the play.

So the slings and arrows of fortune are in their way good and useful. They may hurt, but they stimulate; they may goad, but they drive—drive onward and upward. And each new elevation has a joy that is worth the pains.

At this Moment

"CONSEQUENCES are unpitying."

This is, perhaps, the profoundest of the many profound utterances of George Eliot. It cannot be repeated too often. It cannot be thought on too much.

It should give every man pause who has some other stake in life besides his own personal success—say, some such stake as children whom he wishes to be honored and honorable. But, above all, it should give the man in high and responsible public office pause when the temptation comes to do for his country that which he would shrink in shame from doing for his own private gain. Two wrongs do not make a right; evil may not be done that good may come; figs do not grow upon thistles—these are trite old proverbs, but they sum up ten thousand years of painful human experience. And the greater the nation, the greater the sin—and the swifter and severer the punishment. Nor does eternal justice rely for the casting up of her reckonings upon such futilities as elections and wars

Mr. Hanna and the White House

The Coy Candidate and the Rough Rider in Parallel Columns

By ALFRED HENRY LEWIS

THAT one thing which the whole round Washington earth stands well aware of is the candidacy of Mr. Hanna for the Presidency. Mr. Hanna's anxieties in that behalf are as obvious as the doctrine of original sin. Of course, Mr. Hanna denies thus. The denial goes for nothing, not even mendacity, since thus to deny is the inalienable right of every candidate. The denial is expected of him. It is expected, just as it is expected that the ostrich will bury his head in the sand and think himself in hiding. In either instance every well-bred man and ostrich will humor a modesty which is meant for self-respect, and never dream of contradiction.

As I have borne witness aforetime, Mr. Roosevelt is also a candidate for that nomination coveted by Mr. Hanna. Because of this, Mr. Hanna owns to a political hatred of Mr. Roosevelt. Observe that I say political hatred. Mr. Hanna has no shade of personal hatred for Mr. Roosevelt. He entertains for him only that animosity which any well-balanced man might feel for a tree, or a rock, or a river, or what other thing obstructive happened to be in the way. For more than a year, and until recently, Mr. Hanna's prestige has been much dimmed from that glory of a former hour when Mr. Roosevelt did not live in the White House. The late election in Ohio regilded it. The ponderous majority wherewith that State went Hannaward promoted a sudden vogue in the instance of Mr. Hanna over and beyond any vogue that heretofore was his.

Some Gold Bricks of Sentiment

AND still that resounding majority may have been in no sort due to Mr. Hanna. Suppose, during the late contests, that Mr. Gorman, in the accidents of his party wanderings had strolled over and made a speech for Mr. McClellan in Brooklyn, which the Democrats expected to lose by forty thousand and won by sixteen hundred. Everybody would have said it was Mr. Gorman; I should have said so myself. And yet it would have been no more than a coincidence—which goes to show how bird-headed folk may be in their alleged reasoning anent politics and the causes of politics.

However, Ohio went Republican like a barrel downhill, and since that time Mr. Hanna, who was grown a bit rococo, not to say obsolete, has come vastly into the fashion. Where before he had but one follower, he to-day owns scores; for there is no sun like the rising sun, no wagon like the band wagon.

Now that I am in Washington, and may study both Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hanna without the aid of a glass, I ought perhaps to give you what conclusions arise from such a looking over. Not that I hold it an advantage to be in Washington. Once I thought and wrote differently. I believed that it would be a good thing if every man jack of our citizenry were to live six months in Washington and indulge himself in one long point-blank stare at government and the watchmen on the walls thereof. I know my error now. There is a mirage, an illusion, that goes with distance, a dream that belongs with the hazy far-away. These dreams, these illusions are the food whereon one's patriotism thrives. Once in Washington one's illusions disappear; one wakes up, and those dreams are dissipated. Nothing but the gross reality remains, and one can't see the doll for the sawdust. In brief, it is apt to destroy one's ideals, and one's ideals deserve tenderest care. They are the soul's orchids—rootless, frail, beautiful, difficult of cultivation.

Of course, a practical man, one whose wisdom is of weekday sort and stands firmly on four legs like a table, will explain that an ideal is merely the particular gold brick one is eager to buy. Suppose it be so? The gold bricks are the only things that make commerce tolerable. No; on second thought, one would be foolish to come to Washington; it would starve one's patriotism, give one's love of country a pneumonia. About a decade astern, I knew a man who nourished lofty and burnished beliefs touching government. He came to Washington, and found that government consisted of about a dozen men. I confess no secret when I say that his patriotism has not been the same man since. He wishes he had stayed away. He is not to be blamed. Any honest gentleman who has sojourned in Washington a twelvemonth will tell you that, if the whole country knew as much as he does, there would be an uprising. However, we drift far afield; the subject at bay is, or should be, those colliding ambitions of Mr. Hanna and Mr. Roosevelt.

This letter is intended for Republicans, and to aid them when they select the head of their national ticket next to be. Democrats may read it, should the spirit move them so to do; however, it is really meant for Republican consumption. If a Republican owned a ship he would take a heetic interest in picking out that captain who was to have command. In pitching upon a first officer of State his interest should be even more feverish. Which points to the propriety of something like a hair-line detail of the characters and the traits of both Mr. Hanna and Mr. Roosevelt at this pinch, to the end that careful men may fairly choose between them.

There are two kinds of men born upon the earth, and thus has it been since the beginning. One believes in property as the basis of things mundane; with such the mere man is an incident. The other regards property as the incident and is occupied with humanity itself—with perishing flesh and blood. Politics exists by a law of the natural, as much so as grass, or trees, or running water. Politics consists of the man with the money versus the man with the hands. And politics has never seen a change. The issues to-day are as they were when Moses led the Israelites out of Egypt, or Wat Tyler put himself at the head of the men of Kent and marched to London town.

Two Peas in the Political Pod

THIS natural separation enters into the very blood and temper of men, and one will find those listed by some accident of interest or environment on the muster rolls of the same political party who are in sentimental opposition to one another. By the same token, the fact that one man calls himself a Democrat while another names himself a Republican will not of necessity infer a difference between them—in instance of which, let any keenest scientist of men and politics consider Mr. Hanna and Mr. Gorman. If he can discover a difference he will be able to point out a lack of resemblance between peas dwelling in the same pod. However, let us come back to that natural division—those two classes, to one of which every man congenitally belongs. Broadly speaking, these classes display the difference between Mr. Hanna and Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Hanna belongs with those who revere property, and can't help it; while Mr. Roosevelt was born into that other class whose great concern is reserved for the bodies and the souls of men.

It is interesting, and withal worth while, to compare the careers of Mr. Hanna and Mr. Roosevelt as displaying that separation of trait and temperament set forth above. It will be observed by any one who backtracks the lives of these two that the motto of Mr. Hanna has been, "Be sure you're rich, then go ahead." Mr. Roosevelt, on the other hand, was ever ready to go ahead, whether sure of anything or no. Mr. Roosevelt did not believe that one should have a bank account before one was heard and felt in the land.

Mr. Hanna has lived a score of years more than has Mr. Roosevelt. Superior age is not a help. It makes one's record longer, for one baleful thing, and in politics more men are destroyed by their record than by the enemy. Mr. Hanna is nearer his seventieth than his sixtieth year. For forty-five years he has lived in Cleveland, Ohio, a town so full of smoke and soot that it kills the trees and drives the male inhabitants to drink. I ought to know, for it was there that I was born and bred.

Mr. Hanna was born in Ohio—in Columbiana County. His father was a doctor. Finding the region disgustingly healthy, the elder Hanna opened a country store. And he prospered; and wealth came moderately to abide in his hands.

The future Senator and possible President might have gone to college; his father urged this. The father's counsel so far prevailed that for a year, at least, the coming Senator and possible President did submit himself to the curriculum of what at that time was Hudson College. Then his eagerness to make money overcame him, and he turned his back on books and broke into trade by the way of his father's store. From this humble mart, and with but little delay, Mr. Hanna graduated into a grocery store in Cleveland, the city which is now his home.

A Little Climb up the Genealogical Tree

MR. ROOSEVELT comes of what is termed a good family. Mr. Hanna comes of a family quite as good. The reason why one has not heard so much about the goodness of Mr. Hanna's family as he has of the goodness of Mr. Roosevelt's lurks in this: There is more horse sense abroad in northern Ohio than in southern New York, and pedigrees are less considered and less discussed in the former region than in the latter. New York City is pedigree mad. There are more Burke's Peerages sold in New York than in London; more carriages with a coat-of-arms painted on their panels can be seen in any New York day than would roll by one in London in a week. The New Yorker, climbing his ancestral tree, should have a care. It has been the fault of every age that more men were hanged than crowned. In the very argument of chances, and as one thousand is to one, a man's ancestry will, with the last of it, ascend a scaffold rather than a throne.

In Mr. Roosevelt's youth he, like Mr. Hanna, went to college. Mr. Roosevelt, once in college, remained until he graduated. The jingle of gold could not lure him away. He thought more of books than of riches. In truth, there be those who think that Mr. Roosevelt cared so much for college that he suffers from what one might call the Harvard habit to this day. His eager preference for that University and those who come from it has caused him to be laughed at in some quarters and reviled in others. It is not well for one, especially if one be President, to narrow one's self to any specific or particular thing; and even though it be a great and noble school. It breeds rancors and jealousies. And if that school be Harvard it sets folk to remembering what John Quincy Adams wrote in his diary when disgruntled, for that Harvard went to the fulsome length of conferring "Doctor of Laws" on Andrew Jackson, a gentleman who knew a deal about fighting and mighty little about law. "Seminaries of learning," wrote John Quincy, on this indignant occasion, "have been sycophants and time-servers in every age."

That Mr. Roosevelt stuck to college while Mr. Hanna deserted promptly at the call of gold illustrates that grand difference to subsist between them. Mr. Roosevelt cares vastly for glory—for fame, and not at all for piling up the dollars. Mr. Hanna's first thought is for money; he must have wealth. Given riches, he will later take up that question of celebration. It was this fame-thirst that taught Mr. Roosevelt to lay aside one of the highest places on the lists of government and go surging off to the Spanish War. Mr. Hanna was twenty-three when our Civil War broke out, hale and sound of mind and limb. He did not go; dominated by that bent for riches, Mr. Hanna took an army contract instead.

Both Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hanna are aggressive; the one has been aggressive in his hunt for fame, the other has been aggressive in his hunt for money. Now that Mr. Hanna levels his energies more particularly at politics and aims to

Editor's Note. This is the second of a series of letters from Washington by Mr. Lewis on national politics. The next will appear in a fortnight.

pull down place, he is still aggressive. Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hanna, because of that force and steam which are natural to them, will each for himself hunt that Presidential nomination with a fervor seldom seen.

Mr. Hanna has something more than mere talent for money-making—he has genius Knowing by experience how hard was the conquest of a dollar, he learned early to part with one reluctantly. Not in private life; in walks aside from ones of trade Mr. Hanna has ever been liberal—generous to the point of defect. But in business he was hard; his hands held to what they got like hands of iron; he growled over an acquired dollar like a dog over a bone, and opposed every effort to take it from him

The determination to hold fast all he got was sharp in teaching Mr. Hanna to resent every plan to make a profit from him. He soon taught one hand to wash the other. Beginning with a grocery, he put the profits into coal mines and iron mines. The coal was in Ohio; the iron in the upper peninsula of Michigan.

When the exigencies of business ordered his coal up the lakes, or his iron ore down the lakes, Mr. Hanna needed boats. To avoid paying freight he decided to own those boats; to avoid paying a profit to shipbuilders he resolved to build those vessels himself, and with that he started a shipyard of his own.

As his enterprises grew Mr. Hanna wanted to borrow money. This meant a profit to a bank. At that Mr. Hanna founded a bank, the Union National, and then when he borrowed he paid interest to himself.

To use his own coal and his own iron ore Mr. Hanna opened rolling mills and smelters. To use the output Mr. Hanna went into railways and street railways.

To-day Mr. Hanna boxes the compass of commerce. He goes round and round like a dog chasing its tail. No one makes money from Mr. Hanna, while, on the other hand, the whole world pays tribute to our Caesar of trade. Mr. Hanna has had his reward; he is worth every splinter of thirty millions, and sends the lash of his domination curling along the backs and about the flanks of full three hundred millions more.

There is such a thing as being over-rich. Some wise, good soul ought to endow a Chair of Trade; not to teach boys how to make money, but how much money to make. One can make too much money, just as one can drink too much rum; and so we have money-drunkards just as we have rum-drunkards, and all to the disaster of the race.

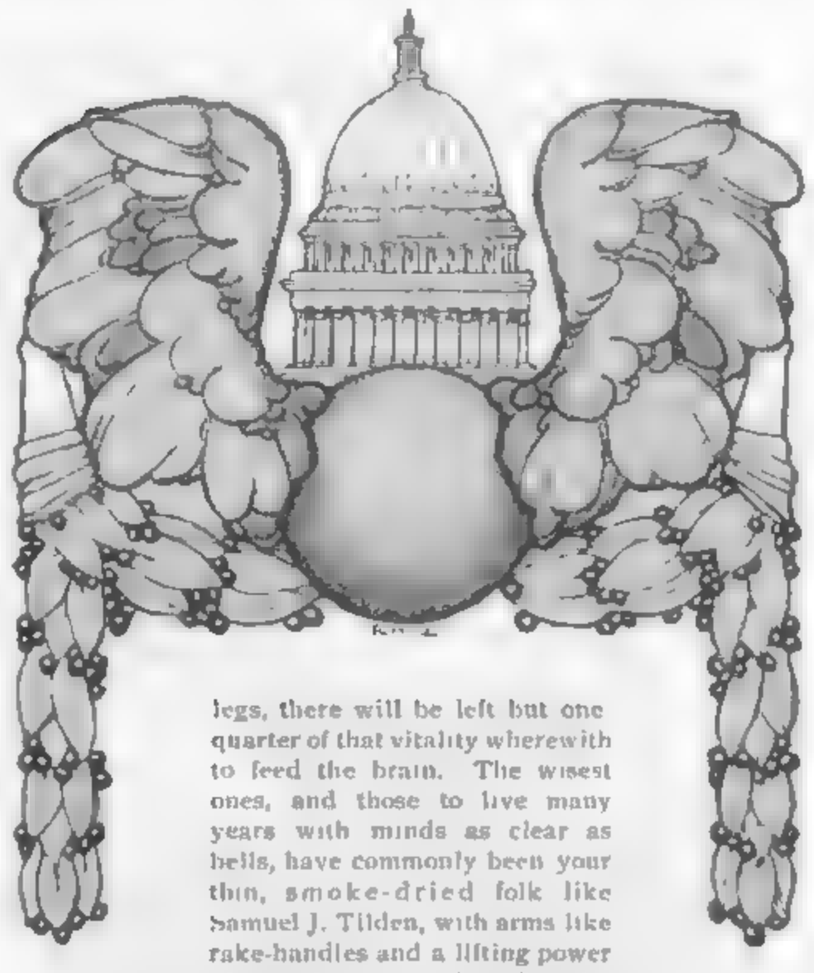
The Red Squirrel and the Gray

IT IS no sign of intelligence to grow rich; rather, it is a mark of instinct, added to a lot of luck. A red squirrel will jump about during October's thirty-one days, and lay up enough acorns to last fifty red squirrels fifty years. That red squirrel doesn't know why he does this. A gray squirrel lays up nothing; and, for the best of it, strolls languidly here and there, and only occasionally tucks an acorn or a hickory nut under a leaf—filing it away, as it were, for future reference. One goes into the snows rich and the other poor, and all by virtue of an instinct, just as some men make money and others make none, by virtue of an instinct, It is no evidence of brains one way or the other. I've seen gentlemen in Congress—and very fair statesmen at that when they were not thinking on a reelection—who couldn't have made two dollars a day at any trade or calling in the world. On the opulent other hand, there be folk who make money as readily as some people make trouble, and who escape the name of howling idiots only by never howling. The fact that Mr. Hanna makes money and Mr. Roosevelt does not, proves nothing for or against the wisdom of either.

It evinces the sort of each, however. Mr. Hanna depends, and must always depend, on his money; gold is the keystone of every arch he builds. Mr. Roosevelt, on the contrary, builds solely on himself. Take Mr. Hanna's money from him and he would be helpless—a turtle on its back. Cast Mr. Roosevelt away upon a desert island, take from him everything but life, and you would still have Mr. Roosevelt.

Mr Roosevelt has created in his imagination an ideal man. It is one highly romantic. He would be an Admirable Crichton—a Sir Philip Sidney. He would be first as a thinker, a speaker, a writer, a soldier, a statesman; also he would be the gladiator, and shine supreme among wrestlers and boxers. This gladiatorial ambition long ago was wont to seize upon certain of the Roman emperors. They were a prudent lot, however, and when one of them fought in the arena he saw to it that his adversary had a sword of lead. Mr. Roosevelt is no such skulker; he takes blows and deals them, throws or is thrown, when he encounters boxer or wrestler for the glory of his ideals and the good of his health

The young American growing up ought not to be misled by these muscular examples. It's to be doubted if this business of athletics isn't overdone. Every one is heir to so much vitality, and no more It is as though one's vitality were one hundred. Your athlete, keeping up his mighty muscles, is like a nation keeping up a mighty standing army. Neither accomplishes the feat without paying a heavy tax. If one's vitality be one hundred, and one devote seventy-five of the whole to maintaining one's self in a state of lumpy brawn about the shoulders, back and



legs, there will be left but one quarter of that vitality wherewith to feed the brain. The wisest ones, and those to live many years with minds as clear as bells, have commonly been your thin, smoke-dried folk like Samuel J. Tilden, with arms like rake-handles and a lifting power of say forty pounds. On the significant other hand, boxers and wrestlers die early, and own besides, while living, no more wit than is needed to upholster a cart horse. This, however, is away to one side of the trail.

Mr. Roosevelt went early into politics. It wasn't so much that he cared for power; it was fame he hunted. Mr. Hanna is in politics because he likes the feel of power. Mr. Hanna, seeking power, would be content with the rôle of Warwick; Mr. Roosevelt, questing fame, must be the king. You would never find Mr. Roosevelt running a campaign for some one else.

There is a mistaken belief that Mr. Hanna never cared for politics until a decade ago, when he began to lay Presidential plans with Mr. McKinley as their central figure. This is error. Mr. Hanna has been a white-hot party man for over forty years.

"Yes, gentlemen," cried an aged orator, speaking in the late canvass on the side of Mr. Low, and to show the fervor of his partizanship, "yes, gentlemen, I have voted the Republican ticket in this city of New York ever since I was eighteen years old."

Mr. Hanna could come within a trio of years of making a similar boast. Moreover, his party feeling was always of the warmest. It would have long since set him to officeholding, but the managers were afraid to put him up

Mr. Hanna, as we've seen, was aggressive in his money-making. He not only fought the labor unions wherever he found them, and whether afloat or ashore, but he went to constant war with other men of money. This commercial combativeness caused Mr. Hanna to be unpopular; and though he would have given much to make the run for Governor of the State, or even Mayor of his city, those about him held that to put him forward would be party suicide. It was not until he took Mr. McKinley in hand and sent him to the White House that Mr. Hanna was heard of beyond the limits of his town or State. Locally, however, his light had not been hid, even though its rays were much distrusted, and every man in Cleveland had heard of "Mark Hanna" as far away as Lincoln's second canvass.

Hanna the Drover and Roosevelt the Captain

THE man who knows all about dogs knows what a dog will do before he does it. The man who knows all about men knows what a man will do before he does it. Neither Mr. Hanna nor Mr. Roosevelt knows what a man will do until after it is done.

This ignorance has got both of our ambitious ones into trouble through the venality of folk whom they had helped into place. Personally, neither Mr. Hanna nor Mr. Roosevelt should be held for the crimes of men whom they thus trusted Either one, in his estimates of men about him, is blind enough. Each is a violent talker; neither has any notion of keeping anything secret. Each gives freely his confidence to any whom he calls his friend.

Mr. Hanna, in dealing with men, has one advantage over Mr. Roosevelt. There is a side to human nature he understands, and which he has been made to study since that day in the middle fifties when he began weighing out tea and codfish in his father's Columbiana store. Mr. Hanna knows men in their avarice. He can give a handy guess as to how far and how fast a man will go for money.

This ignorance of men and what they will do next came close to proving fatal to Mr. Hanna's political career when last he ran for his present Senate seat. In his sublime ignorance of what concerned him most to know, four days before the legislature convened Mr. Hanna on a count of noses was, without knowing it, a beaten man. His friends finally opened his eyes. Then there was a skurrying to and fro. In the finish Mr. Hanna was saved by one vote—the vote of a gentleman of color.

It was a powerful moment—one fraught of strain and stress The negro's name was called, and he gasped out "Hanna." There were six good Hanna men and true about that devoted darky when he voted. Had he turned traitor, I doubt not but he would have been frittered into fragments as was that Casabianca of the Burning Deck of whom the poet sang.

Mr. Hanna and Mr. Roosevelt both want a Presidency. Mr. Hanna wants it because of his appetite, Mr Roosevelt because of his ambition. Mr. Roosevelt is a captain of politics. Mr. Hanna is a political drover. The latter can go down to the stockyards of party and unerringly pick out his steers.

On the march, Mr. Hanna walks behind his herd. He does not, like Mr. Roosevelt, lead; he drives. Mr. Hanna is not a General; he is a Boss.

Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hanna are men of stubbornness and courage. They will fight if withstood, and neither is in a hurry to retreat. They are prompt to resent an injury, and yet each is reasonably ready to forgive, but with this difference: Mr. Hanna will forgive every injury except an injury to himself, while Mr. Roosevelt is the other way about. It is no mighty labor to creep again into Mr. Roosevelt's graces when you have injured no one but Mr. Roosevelt. Should you harm his friend, however, the trail will be long indeed that takes you beyond his resentment.

Mr. Hanna, powerful with his millions and the friendship of millions, possesses a machine advantage over men of the Roosevelt stamp. All that Money controls, and whether it belong with the banks, the railways, the manufacturers, the shipbuilders, the mines, or where you will, is on the side of Mr. Hanna. The Quays and the Platts are his; every man of the machine comes about his standards. This being the situation, one is driven to ask, What should prevent him from overrunning Mr. Roosevelt in a convention, like a train of cars?

Frankly, there is nothing to stay the Hanna march but the Hanna apprehensions. Mr. Roosevelt, in all he does, is in constant appeal to the people. The people are with him. If Mr. Hanna were named could Mr. Hanna succeed at the polls? That is the query which Mr. Hanna puts daily to himself. He has the machine, but he is not sure of the public.

The Grizzly Bear of Politics

THESE gloomy fears serve to palsy Mr. Hanna and shake him with dark uncertainties. Neither do they add to the gay assertiveness of the Platts, and the Quays, and those others who have fortunes to win or lose in the upcome. The rank and file of the party are with Mr. Roosevelt. When you ask the question about Washington, his warmest enemies admit while they deplore the fact. And in the end they come back to the proposal: Which is better—to split the party and elect a Democrat, or keep the party together by giving Mr. Roosevelt the convention?

The chances favor a prophecy that Mr. Roosevelt will take the nomination. The opposition, with Mr. Hanna at its head, will be eaten to death by its own fears.

As affairs phrase themselves, according to the coolest, best judgment at the Capitol, Mr. Hanna will, with the last of it, subside, and Mr. Roosevelt walk into uninterrupted victory The very savagery of his methods forms Mr. Roosevelt's hold of strength. He plays the grizzly bear in politics. There is this in favor of a grizzly bear. Should you become involved with him, he forces you to fight bear fashion. Money is of no avail, assuming that you have it. A grizzly bear would dally with a Rockefeller or a Sage with as brief a hesitation and as much aplomb as though that financier were the inmate of an almshouse. Your grizzly knows no difference between Lazarus and Dives, and claws and hugs and crunches with a noble impartiality.

If Mr. Roosevelt were in a least degree afraid of Money—indeed, I had almost said that if he even understood its power—he would be lost in a blink—down and out in a moment. But he isn't, and he doesn t, and so he goes on and on, foiling his enemies by the merest honest savageries of his system

What I heretofore have said of Mr. Hanna is true of his support. The basis of every element of opposition to Mr. Roosevelt is Money. And since Mr. Roosevelt, who has neither a care nor a fear nor a knowledge of money, proceeds with the strenuous transaction of his ambitions as though there were no such commodity as a million dollars in the land, he spikes the only gun against him. The opposition feels hamstrung, broken down—all helpless in the face of the volatile, not to say violent, Mr. Roosevelt. The longer it considers him, the more a weakness creeps upon it like ivy on a wall. For once in many years in Washington Money doesn't know what to do. The subjugation of Mr. Roosevelt seems as hopeless a proposition as would the suppression of an Indian uprising by a resolution of the Board of Trade

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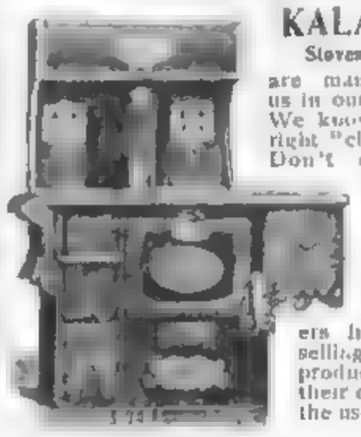

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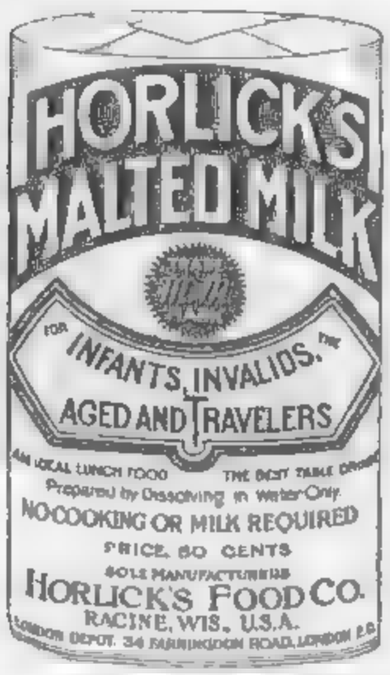

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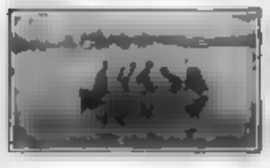

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Michael Muggs, Director

IT WAS nine-thirty when Michael Muggs, the head office-boy, smoking a fifty-cent cigar, entered the office of the great banking firm of McMerger & McMerger. The light from his five-carat diamond shirtstud struck the brass doorknob and was refracted back into the eyes of the obsequious head of the firm.

"McMerger, old boy," said Muggs, "I'm early this morning, but there's work for willing hands to do. Get a move on now and clean up the place in time for dat directors' meeting. Youse magnates must do something for the first time in your lives to earn an honest living. As for we'se office-boys, our day has at last come."

"Do you think, Michael," said McMerger anxiously, "that you will be able to get together enough directors? You know my honor is at stake. As one of the heads of the financial world, with branch offices in the Waldorf and the Senate chamber at Washington, I mustn't fail to get a quorum. Why, suppose I had, at the last moment, to call on some one to be a director in this affair of ours who was known by the people to be an honest millionaire, who would be responsible in case we got found out? I tell you, I'd lose my standing in the community."

His voice quivered as he spoke.

"You know, Michael," he continued, "there's an awful demand for office-boys at present. No reputable directors' meeting is complete without a full set of them. Are you st[illegible]"

Michael Muggs flecked the ashes from his cigar.

"Gwan!" he exclaimed. "I'm your friend, ain't I?"

With an air of supreme confidence he pushed down the messenger call.

"Wait," he said. "Me father was a walking delegate. He taught me to be true to me friends, even if I went to Sing Sing for it. Teddy McFlynn, are you true to de cause? Can I count on you?"

Teddy McFlynn, the messenger who had just entered, smiled haughtily. He put his finger to his lips, motioned to the door, and advanced a step.

"What would you?" he muttered hoarsely. "Already I am tracked. Two new canal companies have just been formed, and they say they must have me."

Michael Muggs regarded him with an air of disdain.

"And so," he sneered, "you have been tempted, have you? Enough. Are you wid us or agin us? Out wid it. Be a director along wid me in dis new trust and you'll be presented wid a thousand shares of common stock dat pays twenty per cent. dividends a month."

Teddy McFlynn shook his head.

"I cannot afford such terms," he replied. "I've got to get something out of this, you know. I must live. I have an orphan grandmother to support, to say nothing of two sisters who have married defeated Congressmen and are unable to help themselves. Make it a hundred dollars in cash and I'll go you."

"That's a good deal," sighed McMerger. "I haven't seen so much ready cash since I lent fifty millions to the Government. But there's no help for it."

"Then consider yourself one of us," said Michael Muggs.

At this moment the voice of a boy calling "Extra" was heard on the outside.

"My old friend, Jimmy O'Brien," exclaimed Michael. "He must join us."

"Hurry!" gasped McMerger. "Some rival concern may gobble him up."

Michael Muggs rushed to the door. In a moment he had returned with Jimmy O'Brien.

"Jimmy," he said solemnly, "will you be a dummy director along wid us? Your country needs yer, Jimmy."

Jimmy struck an attitude of interrogation. He had been reading the papers.

"Let me understand you, Muggsy," he said. "Is dis a regular trust?"

"Sure!"

"What's de capitalization?"

"One billion."

"An' wat's de actual value of de plant?"

"Thirty cents."

"Is de public ready to bite?"

"Yep—an' de head waiter at de Waldorf will give us his support."

Jimmy O'Brien did not falter.

"Me fader served in de Spanish War," he cried. "Me brudder is runnin' one of de most prosperous saloons in Manila. I'll be true to me country's best interests."

"Jimmy, yer speak like a man. You'll never regret dis step. Dis is no common trust, dat aims only to raise de price of some necessity of life. Dis trust, Jimmy, is to save de honor of McMerger & McMerger."

Jimmy O'Brien started back.

"What's de matter wid McMerger & McMerger?" he said. "I t'ought dey was all right. I seen 'em spoken about in the paper as an honest firm."

Michael Muggs laid his hand on his friend Jimmy's shoulder. "Dat's the whole trouble," he said. "You see, Jimmy, McMerger & McMerger hain't done nothing but conduct an honest banking business for so long now dat dere ain't nothing else to do but to form a trust and get themselves generally disliked by the common people, just ter show dere's no hard feelings." And then, turning to the head of the firm, Michael Muggs said:

"Now, McMerger, here we are. Teddy, Jimmy and myself will be your faithful directors, and dat's the best I can do. Gentlemen, we will meet in Hoboken in an hour."

McMerger's face turned pale. "It is true," he said to the dignified trio who faced him, "that our charter compels us to meet in Hoboken. An all-seeing Providence and the Albany Legislature have made it imperative that we money-kings should put our trusts in New Jersey. But, gentlemen, you are not enough. Our constitution and by-laws provide for six directors, and here are only four."

He turned appealingly to Michael Muggs. That rugged youth did not wince.

"Send for the janitor," he observed sententiously.

"But the janitor will not do. He is a full-grown man. We must do this thing in the regular up-to-date manner, or we'll be laughed at. We need two more boys."

Michael Muggs, still calm and confident, did not waver.

"Nevertheless," he observed, "send for the janitor. Have him accompany us to Hoboken, and leave the rest to me."

It was one hour later. Over one of the most palatial saloons in Hoboken, where the heads of Finance were wont to gather when forming a trust, sat McMerger and his little band.

McMerger, trembling with excitement, rose to his feet.

"Gentlemen," he exclaimed, "we must have our directors' meeting now. It is scheduled for this hour. But we can't go on unless we have a full quorum. Are you doing anything about it?" he asked feverishly, turning to Michael Muggs.

Michael Muggs struck his gavel impatiently on the poker-table.

"My dear boy!" he observed, "don't lose your nerve. Don't! I know dat de eyes of de financial world are upon us. Dis morning de janitor, in a burst of enthusiasm, confided to me de fact dat he had had an addition to his family. De janitor lives in Hoboken. Dat's what I've sent him for. He'll be here directly."

A coach drove up in front. There was a distant wail. McMerger jumped up excitedly.

"But that won't do," he exclaimed. "In order to make this directors' meeting complete we've got to have two more."

And Michael Muggs smiled almost compassionately as he replied:

"Calm yourself, old fellow. It's twins."

—*Tom Masson.*

Mail Orders Only. We have no Agents or Branch Stores. All orders should be sent direct to us.

REDUCED PRICES
Suits and Cloaks

Made to Your Order
Not Ready Made
We Guarantee to Fit You.
Catalogue and Samples Free

If you wish to secure a fashionable suit, skirt or cloak at a very low price [illegible] quickly, as this sale will last four weeks only.

We recently purchased from [illegible] We bought the goods at considerably less than their actual value, and will make them into suits, skirts and cloaks, to order only at one-third less than our regular prices. All of these goods are suitable for Winter and early Spring wear.

Remember We Make Everything to Order. Nothing Ready Made.

Tailor-made Suits, former price $11.25 reduced to $7.50
$15 Suits reduced to $10.00
$20 Suits reduced to $13.33
$25 Suits reduced to $16.67
$30 Suits reduced to $20.00
$36 Suits reduced to $24.00

Walking and Dress Skirts in the newest models former price $6.50 reduced to $4.33
$9 Skirts reduced to $6.00
$12 Skirts reduced to $8.00
$15 Skirts reduced to $10.00

Winter Jackets lined throughout with satin, former price $13 reduced to $8.
$15 Jackets reduced to $10.00
$20 Jackets reduced to $13.33
$24 Jackets reduced to $16.00

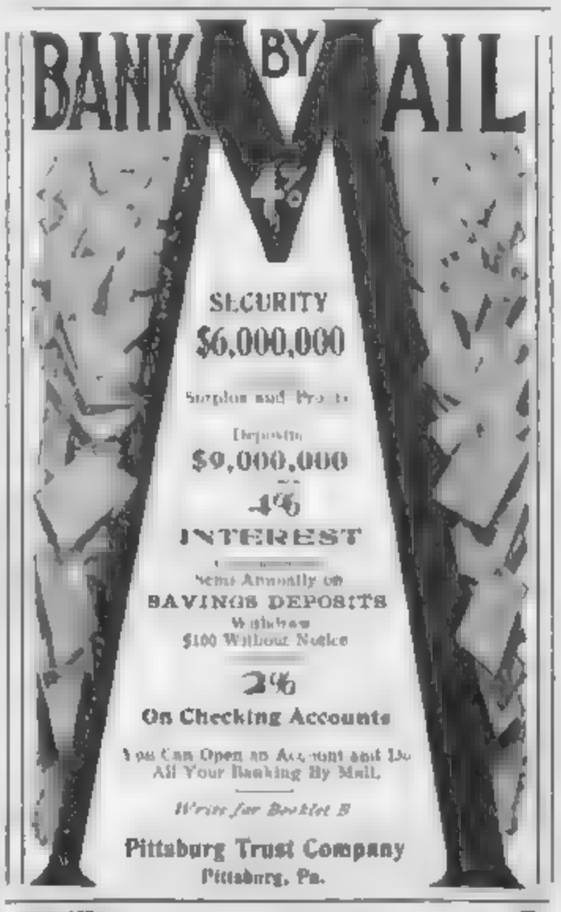
Reduced prices on Rain Coats, Newmarkets, Visiting Costumes, Traveling Dresses, etc.

We Pay Express Charges to Any Part of the United States.

[illegible] a full assortment of [illegible] WINTER CATALOGUE No. 91 [illegible] be sure to have [illegible] samples only, being sure to mention you have the Catalogue.

NATIONAL CLOAK AND SUIT COMPANY,
119 and 121 West 23d St., New York.

Established 18 years.



Pears'

The more purely negative soap is, the nearer does it approach perfection.

Unless you have used Pears' soap you probably do not know what we mean by a soap with no free fat or alkali in it—nothing but soap.

Established over 100 years.

LITERARY FOLK
Their Ways and Their Work

A PROTEAN EDITOR — How William Allen White went Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde one better.

¶ William Allen White, who raised the inquiry as to What's the Matter with Kansas? has recently been asked to fill the chair of journalism in the State University at Topeka. His friends think he ought to cast lustre on the position.

Earlier in his career Mr. White was editorial writer on a daily paper which must be called, for sake of identification, the Morning Snort. His chief duty was to disagree with every view put forth by the rival paper, the Evening Yawn, and to abuse the editor of that sheet roundly, who replied in kind. By and by the editorial writer of the Yawn fell ill, and the proprietor, finding that Mr. White had much spare time on his hands, engaged him to take the absent man's place.

For some weeks Mr. White each morning in the Snort assailed the position he had taken the night before in the Yawn, and applied good vigorous Kansas terms to himself for being such a fool as to hold such views; that afternoon in the Yawn ripping any ideas he may have put forward in the Snort to shreds and denouncing himself as a wretch deserving of condign punishment for presuming to think that he had any ideas at all about anything. Thus ran on for some time, when one week, the editor of the Sunday Snore going on his wedding trip, Mr. White was asked to get up the editorials for that journal. He devoted one of them to the disagreements of the Snort and the Yawn, one paragraph of which was as follows:

> We have been much amused, and some days not a little disgusted, by the recent bickerings indulged in by the editors of our two daily contemporaries. Precisely what the caterwauling is all about we will not presume to say, but the gist of it seems to be that each thinks the other is a mixture of fool and knave, equal parts. No doubt each has blundered on the truth; but as there is no novelty for the readers of either sheet in the discovery we cannot see the reason for devoting so much space to it. The better class of people are coming more and more to realize the shallowness of daily Journalism in this city and to turn to the Sunday Snore for intelligent comment on current events.

THE THEORY OF ADVERTISING — An attempt to account for its success and direct its use.

¶ Mr. Swinburne once complained of Matthew Arnold that he had a genius for definition that failed little of running away with him. Yet when Mr. Arnold came to formulate a critical standard he distrusted so much his own powers that he found nothing better than to choose a passage and say of it: "Now, this is what I mean, this is an example of the manner I have in mind; judge by this." Such was, in many instances, the nearest approach to a definition that he permitted himself.

Now, to formulate a standard of advertisement is fully as difficult as to formulate a standard of poetry; and critics and philosophers have been busy about poetry since the days of Aristotle. Yet here is Professor Scott with a Theory of Advertising *(Small, Maynard and Company)*, in further development of an editorial which he quotes from Printers' Ink:

"Probably when we are a little more enlightened the advertising writer, like the teacher, will study psychology. For, however diverse their occupation *(sic)* may at first sight appear, the advertising writer and the teacher have one great object in common —to influence the human mind."

Most certainly, and does not the lover share this great object—and has any one yet formulated the "way of a man with a maid"? The truth of the matter is that advertising with oratory is one of the arts of persuasion; and after the rhetorician has exposed his examples, and defined and analyzed, you are no nearer a knowledge of how to persuade than from a study of anatomy you would be of how to go about the labor of the sixth day. All acts of creation escape ultimate analysis.

The rhetoricians will tell you that one arrangement or choice of words is more forceful than another—and demonstrate it by example. But, after all, that was tolerably well understood as soon as the distinction was felt between good writing and bad writing. There is only one general rule to be drawn—study the models. There they are. No one can communicate to you their secret.

So Professor Scott. He is discussing the psychological value of the "command"—the sort of exhortation that bids you "Buy Slocum's Soap" and that you unconsciously follow because it so subtly relieves you of all responsibility for the purchase; and he discovers that "the correct wording of the command is a matter of importance, yet it is difficult to formulate any rules or principles to guide you here." Difficult indeed! For to choose the right words is to have the right idea, and who will supply a man with ideas? Or what, if the thing is to be wrongly said, is the use of saying it at all? An order disobeyed is a confession of weakness and a weapon in the hands of the scoffer.

However, advertising has another and a very important side—all summed up in the word presentation. And acting on presentation are a multitude of forces directly subject to definitely ascertainable laws. For instance: there are all the laws governing perception, apperception and mental imagery to be obeyed in the display of masses of type and color and the proper placing of emphatic words to catch the eye; there are the thousand and one details of position and classification to deal with—a great welter of technique that must be swallowed, digested and assimilated before the real advertiser, the some one who originates and directs, can get down to work. This is the side susceptible to the scientific method.

But never forget that effective advertising is first the expression of a personality. There must be something to say, and a man, not a method, to say it.

A CHRISTMAS WREATH — It is not woven from the laurel and the bay, though it hangs seasonably in the shop windows.

¶ If a man can write ever so little himself he gets an immediate lesson that he will do well to bear in mind if circumstance or inclination should ever turn him to criticism: the praise he seeks and the censure he dreads are from men of his own craft. The poet's poet of to-day is the classic of to-morrow.

Apply this test to Mr. Richard Watson Gilder. Has he any band of young followers who fight his battles against the reviewers on little round-topped, four-legged fields? Has he ever had? Has there ever been any dispute about Mr. Gilder? No, his position is perfectly well recognized. Two of his sonnets—on The Life Mask of Abraham Lincoln and on The Sonnet—have fairly won a place in the American Anthology. For the rest, he writes polite exercises that have a parlor approbation wherever the magazines go, and his lectures before the Browning societies are sure of an audience.

Three selections from the present volume (A Christmas Wreath: *The Century Company*) have also found Mr. Stedman's favor —The Birds of Bethlehem, Noel, and The Song of a Heathen. They are the best in the book, which is only saying that they are better than such lines as:

Oh, who are these that hasten beneath the starry sky,
As if with joyful tidings that through the world shall fly?
The faithful shepherds these, who greatly were afeared
When, as they watched their flocks by night, the heavenly host appeared

Will anybody think more deeply or more lovingly of Christmas for having read those lines? And is anything more banal than to talk commonplace on an inspired theme?

THREE BOOKS OF READY REFERENCE — Three small books of useful ready reference are:

¶ Civics: What Every Citizen Should Know, by George Lewis, containing concise and complete information on a multitude of questions pertaining to our government, its history and development.

After-Dinner Stories: A compilation by John Harrison, with a brief introductory essay on speech-making and story-telling.

First Aid to the Injured, by T. J. Warwick, M. D.; being a set of simple directions for immediate use in case of hemorrhages, wounds, sprains, dislocations, burns, scalds, poisoning, drowning and sudden illness.

All from *The Penn Publishing Company*.

A Breakfast Treat That Makes You Eat

Karo Corn Syrup is the pure, golden essence of corn with all the nutritive elements so characteristic of this energy-producing, strength-giving cereal retained. Its flavor is so good, delicious, so different, it *makes* you eat. Adds zest to the griddle cakes and gives a relish you can't resist, no matter how poor the appetite may be. Makes the morning meal inviting. It's *the great spread for daily bread.* Sold in airtight, friction-top tins.

10c 25c

Karo

50c tins

CORN SYRUP

CORN PRODUCTS CO.
New York and Chicago

$ COMMENCE THE NEW YEAR RIGHT BY STARTING A BANK ACCOUNT

Get into the Saving Habit

Fill Out and Mail to Us

the attached coupon and we will deliver to you through your local Bank one of these

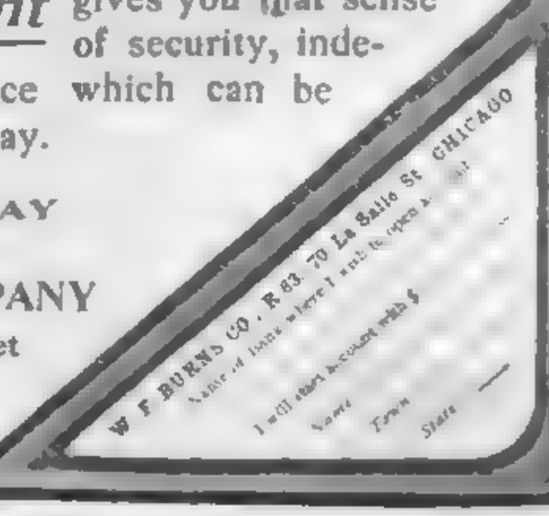
Handsome Home Savings Banks Without Cost to You

We will tell you how to open an account in the Bank of your choice with a small deposit, and will outline a plan by which you can learn to save systematically.

A Bank Account gives you that sense of security, independence and self-reliance which can be obtained in no other way.

WRITE TO-DAY

W. F. BURNS COMPANY
R 63, 70 La Salle Street
CHICAGO



EXODUS OF CAPITAL

(Concluded from Page 6)

uncomfortable themselves, as they confessed when the delegate was gone, over the mess they were making of it. The head of the house was even more distressed as the splinters flew. After one piece of the work had been set up unsuccessfully and taken down twice he sent for the delegate and offered to provide his carpenters with easy chairs and cigars at full wages if they would sit by and let the cabinet-makers do the work. But the delegate was obstinate. The iron laws of the union said that putting up a partition was carpenters' work. It must be done by carpenters, or not at all

In another recent case operations were suspended on a great building that was under rush orders because two of the unions had fallen out over the interpretation of an obscure point in their rules. Contractor and owner, who were in nowise at fault, wrung their hands in vain. Nothing further could be done until the unions decided whether carpenters or bricklayers should erect certain scaffoldings

Very many instances of sheer tyranny on the part of the unions might be adduced, and these instances have probably had more to do than any other cause in detaching local public sympathy from the organizations. When the elevator men went on strike the teamsters joined in "sympathetically."

Then when building owners and elevator operators reached an agreement the teamsters proposed to prevent a settlement unless the building owners would agree to take out natural gas appliances and use nothing but coal

Finally this point was permitted to drop. There is no doubt that it was raised at the instigation of the coal interests; but there may have been no personal corruption in that

It does seem, however, that the old alloy of human frailty clings even to the labor unions for you cannot touch the labor question anywhere without hearing of graft. The walking delegate may be a victim of calumny, but certainly his reputation is not good among the employers whom he has "touched."

But the conditions in Chicago are not different from those in other industrial centres So far as the unions are concerned they are national, and their acts and policies are much the same one place as another. Successful resistance to a strike is, in about nine cases out of ten, simply a question of time and police protection. From the point of view of employers the difference between cities turns on the degree of efficiency of the police in preserving order. Latterly the police protection in Chicago has been very good, and thereby the city fulfills all of its obligations in the matter.

As a matter of fact, recently the unions have lost all of the strikes in Chicago that have attracted any particular attention. The teamsters were the key to the situation They "sympathized" and struck whenever anybody else did. Any sort of a row seemed sure of their sympathy, and so a number of strikes were won. Then an arbitration board of teaming interests was formed. After that the teamsters shut off their sympathy and the strikes were lost

Labor's great bull market is over, just as definitely as the great bull market of the financial organizers is over. It is no longer a case of demand exceeding supply in either field

Such is Fame

TRULY is the mark of genius beyond all hiding. The always delightful author-artist, F. Hopkinson Smith, has his title to fame and gentle memory written clear in many ways. He has the mark of genius even to his dress. Mr. Smith is remembered in the beautiful Franconia Notch of the White Mountains, not for his attainments in the field of art, but as a lover of the rod and a "picture feller," but more especially clearly for his trousers.

It happened last summer that a follower of Isaak Walton, returning from an afternoon spent with the trout on one of the smaller mountains of the Franconia range, was hailed with the hail of all anglers: "What luck?" from a mender of wagons by the roadside, bare of foot and picturesque. The talk from fish and fishing fell to fishermen. "Do you know Frank Smith?" inquired the wagon-mender. The fisherman admitted knowledge of many Smiths of high and low degree but was not positive in his identification of the specified Frank.

"Frank Hopkinson Smith, I mean," continued the mender of wagons.

Pleasant reminiscence lighted up the face of the wheelwright. "Yes," said he, and spat reflectively, "used t' know him well Great feller, Frank. Never knowed anybody quite like him. Used t' see him pretty often most every summer for fifteen year. Made pictures and fished. Never dressed like other folks. When anybody got anything like his he jes' lined out fer something different. Wore the first short pants ever seen on a man up here, and the hull darned suit looked as if it was made outen an ingrain carpet with great big figgers. Ain't ever seed another suit like it and don't expect to. Mighty good feller and painted mighty purty pictures. But them pants—say! I can't fergit 'em! They was the gol-durndest pants I ever see!

THE BEGINNINGS OF WILLIAM CLODD

(Concluded from Page 5)

object for his benevolence, I had in mind a very similar case that occurred five years ago. A bequest to them was disputed on the grounds that the testator was of unsound mind. They had to take their case to the House of Lords before they finally won it."

"Anyhow," remarked Mr. Gladman, licking his lips, which were dry, "you won't get anything, Mr. Clodd—no, not even your three hundred pounds, clever as you think yourself. My brother-in-law's money will go to the lawyers."

Then Mr. Pincer rose and spoke slowly and clearly. "If there must be a lunatic connected with our family, which I don't see why there should be, it seems to me to be you, Nathaniel Gladman."

Mr. Gladman stared back with open mouth. Mr. Pincer went on impressively:

"As for my poor old cousin Joe, he had his eccentricities, but that was all. I, for one, am prepared to swear he was in sound mind in August last and quite capable of making his own will. It seems to me that that other thing, dated in June, is just waste paper."

Mr. Pincer, having delivered himself, sat down again. Mr. Gladman showed signs of returning language.

"Oh! what's the use of quarreling?" chirped in cheery Mrs. Gladman. "It's five hundred pounds we never expected. Live and let live is what I always say

"It's the artfulness of the thing," said Mr Gladman, still very white about the gills.

"Oh, you have a little something to thaw your face," suggested his wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Gladman, on the strength of the five hundred pounds, went home in a cab Mr. Pincer made a night of it with Mr. Clodd and Bonner's clerk at Clodd's expense.

The residue worked out at eleven hundred and sixty-nine pounds and a few shillings. The capital of the new company, "established for the purpose of carrying on the business of newspaper publishers and distributers, printers, advertising agents, and any other trade and enterprise affiliated to the same," was one thousand pounds in one pound shares fully paid; of which William Clodd, Esquire, was registered proprietor of eight hundred and twenty-six; Peter Hope, M. A., of 16 Gough Square, of one hundred; Miss Jane Hope, adopted daughter of said Peter Hope (her real name nobody, herself included, ever having known), and generally called Tommy, of three, paid for by herself after a battle royal with William Clodd; Mrs. Postwhistle, of Rolls' Court, of ten, presented by the promoter; Mr. Pincer, of the House of Commons, also of ten (still owing for); Doctor Smith (*né* Schmidt), of fifty; James Douglas Alexander Calder MacTear (otherwise the "Wee Laddie"), residing then in Mrs. Postwhistle's first floor front, of one, paid for by poem published in the first number, The Song of the Pen.

Choosing a title for the paper cost much thought. They finally called it Good Humor.

Rambler Delivery Wagons

Are fitted with 81 inch wheel base and four full elliptic springs, insuring safe conveyance for delicate packages; carry one and one-quarter cubic yards of merchandise, accessible front and rear of wagon.

All adjustments of engine made from front of wagon; no need to remove packages to get at the mechanism.

Delivery top can be easily detached from body, leaving one seat runabout, or tonneau can be attached in place of top.

Price of Rambler Delivery Wagon, with brass side lamps and horn, $850.00 at the factory. Tonneau to attach in place of delivery top, $100.00 additional. Rambler Cars are made in six different models, $750.00 to $1350.00.

Our new catalogue tells why you should buy a Rambler.

Thomas B. Jeffery & Co., Kenosha, Wis., U. S. A.

Chicago Branch: 304 Wabash Ave. Boston Branch: 145 Columbus Ave.

"Standard" Baths and Porcelain Enameled Ware

"Standard" PORCELAIN ENAMELED Baths and One-Piece Lavatories are made in many beautiful designs, each in one piece, free from cracks or plaster Paris joints and are therefore absolutely sanitary.

"Standard" Modern Bathrooms

The fixtures shown in this bathroom cost approximately $143.00 not including piping or labor

The "Standard Portable Shower" is a most sensible and healthful luxury, as it will afford continuous comfort and pleasure to the entire family in all seasons. It costs but $15.00 complete and can be installed in a few minutes by means of our patent hold-fast, without any changes in the plumbing. Our booklet "For Beauty's Sake" tells the pleasures of shower bathing. Free on request.

Standard SANITARY MFG. CO.

Department B Pittsburg, Pa., U. S. A.

ENGINEERING TAUGHT BY MAIL

All branches of Civil, Electrical and Mechanical Engineering; Drafting, Architecture, Mining, Metallurgy, etc. Not only trade courses, but thorough preparation for all branches of engineering work, such as is given in the best technical schools. Instructors are all college graduates. Life scholarships on easy payments. Spare-time study alone required. Established 1893. A university on the correspondence plan; usual collegiate degrees conferred. Write to-day for illustrated booklet containing extracts from letters of students and graduates. See below what they say.

DOUBLED HIS SALARY

From A. A. [illegible]—"Your course is doing a great deal for me. The theory obtained from you together with the practical experience I have enabled me to double my salary.

From E. G. Pers, Nashville, Tenn.—"I am at present employed as resident engineer. I must thank you for the thorough and efficient training you gave me."

From C. W. Herbert, East Orange, N. J.—"I am so well pleased with your treatment and instruction that if I can find time I will take a course in higher mathematics also."

NATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE INSTITUTE, 19-73 2d National Bank Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Comfort at a turn of the valve

is now within reach of all householders, even to the small cottager, by

Hot Water or Steam

Uniform heat, healthful heat, clean heat—no mixture of dust, ashes and coal-gases—is produced by

Ideal Boilers and American Radiators

They pay far higher dividends than gold bonds in the savings they effect in fuel, doctor bills, household cleanliness, in labor, in absence of repairs, etc.

Now as easily put into OLD BUILDINGS as in new—without inconvenience to occupants. Investigate at once—5 months winter ahead—apparatus can be put in without disturbing present heating methods until ready to start fire in the new. Advise us size and kind of building you wish to heat and let us send you, FREE, valuable information and booklet.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Dept. 28. CHICAGO

Ivers & Pond PIANOS

are distinguished for their sweet, sympathetic and musical tone quality. A depression of the key is responded to by a full, rich tone, rarely expressive and melodious. It literally "sings" It has a character peculiarly its own, an individuality which can be reproduced in no other piano. For qualities of wearing and staying in tune Ivers & Pond Pianos are unexcelled, for they are made well—made to last a lifetime. But of far greater importance is their surpassingly beautiful *tone quality*. It differentiates them from all other pianos, and places them in this respect in a class by themselves.

HOW TO BUY. We make it easy for you to own an Ivers & Pond Piano wherever you live. If no dealer near you sells them we will quote you special prices and explain our easy payment system, allowing 12, 24 or 36 months in which to complete payments. We allow trial in your home and guarantee entire satisfaction. Old pianos taken in exchange. Write us today

IVERS & POND PIANO CO.,
103 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

We Carpet Your Floor for $3

BRUSSELETTE ART RUGS

Attractive and artistic patterns, woven on both sides and in all colors and [illegible]. Easily kept clean and warranted to outwear higher-priced carpets. Sent prepaid to any point east of the Rocky Mountains. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Illustrated catalogue showing rugs in actual colors sent free

Sanitary Mfg. Co. (Inc.) Dept. B, 146 Oxford St. Philadelphia, Pa.

STARK TREES Largest Nursery SUCCEED WHERE OTHERS FAIL

Fruit Book Free. Result of 78 years' experience

STARK BROS., Louisiana, Mo., Dansville, N. Y., Etc.

The Reading Table

The Governor's Dilemma

GOVERNOR VAN SANT, of Minnesota, arrived one day in New York and went to a hotel. Shortly after a former resident of that State called and was shown up to his room. He found the Governor sitting in a chair surveying with a gloomy countenance a trunk which stood against the wall

"What's the matter, Governor?" asked the caller.

"I want to get a suit of clothes out of that trunk," was the answer

"Well, what's the difficulty—lost the key?"

"No, I have the key all right," said the Governor, heaving a sigh. "I'll tell you how it is. My wife packed that trunk. She expected to come with me, but was prevented at the last moment. Tomy certain knowledge she put in enough to fill three trunks the way a man would pack them. If I open it the things will boil up all over the room and I could never get half of them back. Now, what I'm wondering about is whether it would be cheaper to go out and buy a new suit of clothes or two additional trunks."

The Race that Failed

JAMES J. HILL, the railroad president, began his connection with the transportation business through steamboating, but he soon deserted it for railroading. The road which he has since made so widely known was at that time considered the slowest in the country. Mr. Hill listened good-naturedly to the fun that was naturally poked at his road and worked the harder to improve it.

Meeting Mr. Hill one day on the street in St. Paul, "Diamond Joe" Reynolds, of upper-river steamboat fame, said

"Jim, I'll match one of my steamboats against one of your trains in a fair race for $500 a side."

"Well, I don't know," hesitated Mr. Hill; "some of your boats are pretty fast."

"Come, I'll race you upstream," urged Reynolds

"Oh, thunder!" returned Mr. Hill in a disgusted tone; "if you're going to stick to the river then you might as well drop the notion of a race. I thought you meant you'd bring your boat out on the prairie alongside the track and give me some show."

Sustained in One Point

ANDREW H. GREEN, "the father of Greater New York," took a serious view of life and was little given to humor Nevertheless, he could appreciate a joke, and none the less if it was on himself—which some may say was proof in itself that he was not a humorist. To an acquaintance he said, apropos of something that came up in the conversation

That reminds me of my first case. I had been retained to defend a man in an action for damages. I was young and bumptious The plaintiff's presentation was short, and I didn't get much chance. When that side rested I rose and with the utmost confidence made three or four different motions, one after the other. Each was overruled by the judge as soon as made, and on entirely just grounds, as I have since come to see. I then began a laboriously-prepared address.

"'Your Honor,' I commenced, 'my unfortunate client——'

"'There the court is with you' came from the bench in the gentlest of tones."

Workers in Two Arts

FREDERIC REMINGTON, the artist, long ago invaded the writers' domain with his little Western stories, and now that his John Ermine has been turned into a play his general assault on the stage may not be impossible. In the numerous forays by artists and writers into other regions than their own it is noticeable that the actor's field, as distinguished from the playwright's, is not often invaded. Perhaps the theatrical manager is entitled to a little credit here. Actors, however, who stray into literature and art are not so uncommon. Perhaps one of the most notable present examples of a man combining two arts professionally is that of Bernard Partridge, of Punch, whose drawing entitled The Rough Rider, published in that periodical at the time of President Roosevelt's coming into office, pleased the President so much that he bought the original. Mr. Partridge does a great quantity of work for Punch, and he is also an actor; in fact he is accused by his friends of acting all night and drawing all day, with a nap after breakfast.

The success with which some men combine writing and illustrating is rather remarkable, though it is usually, in the case of a given man, easy to decide if he is an artist who writes or an author who draws. Oliver Herford might, perhaps, be one of the most difficult to "place." It has been said that he "illustrates his drawings with verses, and explains his verses with drawings." By the way, an index is not usually where one looks for humor, but in the short biographical notes appended to Edmund Clarence Stedman's American Anthology, cheek by jowl with the index, and otherwise quite as matter-of-fact, is this delightful line:

"Herford, Oliver, b. (Fairyland?) 18—. Son of the Reverend Brooke Herford," etc

Herford's subsequent abode sometimes seems to need the interrogation mark quite as much as his place of birth. For a long time he was a member of the Players' Club, of New York, and of the St. Botolph, of Boston, as a non-resident in each instance. He explained this seeming anomaly by saying that his real home was on the train half-way between the two towns, refusing to admit that the lower dues of non-residents had anything to do with it.

Perhaps it would be almost as hard to say under which sign, that of the pen or the brush, it is proper to place F. Hopkinson Smith, advertised by his loving friends as "Hop Smith," though he himself prefers to settle the matter by saying that he is a lighthouse builder, whose sign, possibly, is a riveting hammer. Howard Pyle is probably an artist who knows how to write better than some writers—which is scarcely extravagant praise. Some years ago, when color printing was further from perfection than it is at present, Mr. Pyle was doing some work for a certain New York publisher. One drawing represented a pirate wearing a gaudy red necktie and running along a quay. Mr. Pyle asked for a proof, and by mistake a print was forwarded in which the color had failed to "register," and the red which should have been on the tie was floating in the air about two feet behind. Promptly came this telegram from the artist:

Have police arrest and hold pirate till necktie catches up.

Perhaps it would be well if all professional workers in whatsoever department of art were to experiment in some kindred branch Whistler must have found much pleasure in his writing, and certainly the world has found no less in reading what he wrote. Joseph Jefferson is another example of a man who finds recreation in another art—that of painting, though the value of his pictures must be left to the critics, and the critics are silent. William H. Crane, his brother actor, was once visiting Mr. Jefferson, who took him up to a certain room to display his paintings. Crane looked at them, but manifested little enthusiasm. Jefferson stood it a while and then said:

"See here, what's the trouble? Warm up! I wouldn't have shown you these if I'd thought you were going to be quite so frosty

"Fact is," said Crane, "I don't know anything about painting. There's only one painting in the world that thrills me."

"What's that?"

"'Standing Room Only' painted on a sign and displayed in front of my own theatre."

An Early Start

EDWARD PENFIELD, the designer and illustrator, must still wait some time before he comes to forty years; nevertheless, he is old in the ways of art. One day he chanced to speak of doing a magazine cover so long ago that it seemed impossible to the friend with whom he was talking.

"See here," the friend protested, "that can't be, you know. You aren't half old enough to have done that.'

"But I did do it," insisted Penfield, "and I've got the cover to prove it."

"Then I'd like to know how early you began to study art?"

"It's a subject I don't often mention," said Mr. Penfield in a confidential manner; "but since you've asked I'll tell you. I was left in a basket at the door of the Art Students' League. They took me in and gave me a bottle of Chinese-white and water. I cried for more, and so they set me to work"

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(CORN STARCH TALKS TO BE CONTINUED)

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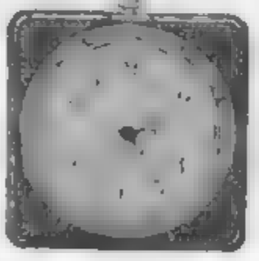

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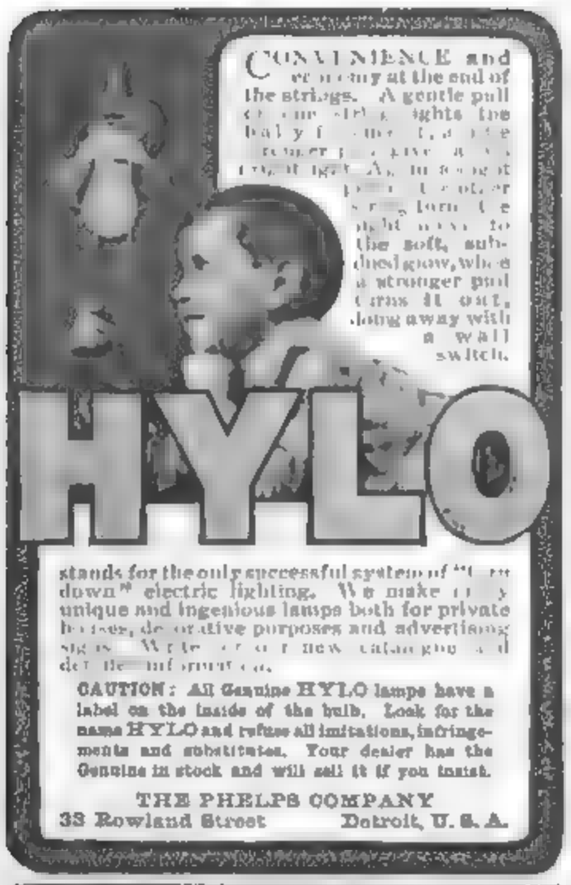

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Oddities & Novelties of Every-Day Science

A LIMITED SERVICE LIGHT METRE—It works on the same principle as the nickel-in-the-slot gas metre.

A PREPAYMENT attachment for electric metres makes it possible to secure service for a night, a week or any given time, without the necessity for preliminary arrangements with the electric light and power company.

It is within the practical scope of the new system to equip modern houses and apartments with electric-light facilities with the current ready for use, so that a person moving in need not make a trip to the offices of the company, deposit a sum of money to secure the corporation against loss, and then wait for operators to install the metre. Householders and regular tenants who would like to use electricity occasionally, but who do not care to go to the trouble and expense of putting in a metre, can have the service for any length of time by dropping a coin in the slot.

The length of service is determined by the denomination of the coin deposited. The piece of money is guided by pillars until it strikes an attachment which swings a lever upwardly into contact with a metallic pin, completing the circuit. Electricity is then delivered for the consumer's use until an arm, driven by the metre, strikes an extension on a rod and turns it, swinging aside the lever far enough to allow the coin to drop. In its second fall it strikes a plate which lifts a rod, thereby disengaging an extension, which now, operated by a spring, brings all parts back to their original position and shuts off the current

The advantages claimed for the new system are that it provides a very simple means for obtaining electricity, and that the consumer is not obligated to pay for the service unless he uses it. As it is now, in many cities the electric-light companies charge at least one dollar a month, regardless of whether or no any current is used.

The prepayment device may be attached to any electric metre.

WATERPROOF—A cotton sheet may easily be made as impermeable as a rubber blanket.

THE recent discovery of a method by which any ordinary cotton cloth can be made as waterproof as sheet tin is regarded as a marked achievement in chemistry

Subjected to the new treatment, the flimsiest of fabrics becomes so impervious to water that if bulged or folded in the shape of a bowl or pocket it will hold water for days without letting a drop escape through its meshes.

The significant process in the new treatment is the liberation of a gas, such as carbonic dioxide, simultaneously with the precipitation upon the fabric of various chemical reagents. The result is that this gas, in a finely-divided state, merges with the insoluble compound employed, and is held fixed in this chemical coating in such a way that water, even under pressure, cannot pass through it.

In the tests, cotton cloth was passed through two baths. The first of these was prepared by adding to one hundred parts of water ten parts of stearic acid, one and one-half parts of sodium hydrate and two parts of sodium bicarbonate. This mixture was then boiled until it was in complete solution. Then five hundred parts of water were added. A combination of aluminum chloride and acetic acid comprised the second bath.

In the reactions caused by the meeting of the ingredients of the two baths two insoluble compounds, aluminum stearate and aluminum hydrate, were precipitated upon the fabric, while at the same time carbonic dioxide was liberated and was found to be so distributed and held by the chemical coating that, as stated, water could not pass through the fabric.

It is predicted that the new process, which is protected by patent, will work a revolution in the manufacture of waterproof garments, inasmuch as it will enable the people engaged in this industry to turn out a much greater variety of mackintoshes and other rain garments and at a lower cost than is possible in the making of waterproof clothing at present.

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THE COST

(Continued from Page 21)

She saw that he was impatient—and that his face was unyielding.

"If we—if you and I, John," she hurried on, "had something like that to live for it might be very different with us—and I'm thinking of Gardiner most of all. It'll ruin him someday. No one, no one can lead this kind of life without being dragged down without becoming selfish and sordid and cruel."

"You don't understand," he said curtly without looking at her. "I never heard of such—such nonsense."

She winced and was silent, sat watching his bold, strong profile. Presently she said in a changed, strange, strained voice: "What I asked to see you for was—John, won't you put the *prices*—at least where they were at the beginning of this dreadful winter?"

"Oh—I see," he exclaimed. "You've been listening to the lies about me."

"Reading," she said, her eyes flashing at the instinct of the accusation that she had let people attack him to her.

"Well, reading then," he went on, wondering what he had said that angered her. And he made an elaborate explanation about "the necessity of meeting fixed charges" which he himself had fixed about "fair share of prosperity," "everything more expressive"—to country lawyer and to pay, "every man's price," etc., etc.

She listened closely, saw she penetrated his sophistries. When he was through she knew he had failed to convince her, read in his eyes even that was the understood fact—but the look that told her she was only infuriating him and bruise herself by flinging herself against the iron of his resolve.

"You must let me attend to my own business," he ended, his tone good natured, his eyes hard.

She sat staring into the fire for several minutes—from her eyes looked a will as strong as his. Then she rose and, her voice lower than before but vibrating, said: "All round us—here in New York—all over this country—away off in Europe—I can see them—I can *feel* them *suffering!*" She drew herself up and faced him, a light in her eyes before which he visibly shrank. "Yes, it's *your* business, John. But it sha'n't be mine or *my* boy's."

And she left the room. In the morning she returned to Dawn Hall and arranged her affairs so that she would be free to go. On Friday she came up to New York late in the afternoon and in the evening went to the opera for a last look round. As the lights were lowering for the rise of the curtain on the second act, Leonora and her husband entered the box. She had forgotten inviting them. She gave Leonora the chair in front and took the one behind—Millicent Rowland whom she had brought had the other front seat. As her chair was midway between the two, she was seeing over Leonora's shoulders. The light from the stage fell across Leonora's bosom, fell upon a magnificent string of graduated pearls [illegible] with a large solitaire [illegible] question the string the jeweler's clerk had blunderingly shown her.

Open sprang a hundred doors of memory into her mind was discharged avalanche after avalanche of dreadful thoughts. "No! No!" she protested. "How infamous to think such things of my best friend!" But she tried in vain to thrust suspicions, accusations, proofs, back into the closets. Instead, she sank under the flood of them—sick and certain.

When the lights went up she said: "I'm feeling badly all at once. I'm afraid I'll have to take you home, Milly."

"Are you ill, dear?" asked Leonora.

"Oh, no—just faint," she replied without looking at her traitor-friend and in a voice which she succeeded in making fairly natural. "Please don't move. Stay on—you really must."

The other man—Shenstone—helped her and Millicent with their wraps and accompanied them to their carriage. When she had set Millicent down she drew a long breath of relief. Her mind was clear; for the first time in seven years her course lay straight before her.

But the next morning, when she was in the midst of her preparations to take the ten o'clock limited for the West, her maid brought in a note to her—a copy of a National Woolens Company circular to the trade, setting forth that [illegible] the prices for yarns [illegible] to announce and [illegible] great pleasure in

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announcing, a ten per cent. reduction." On the margin Dumont had scrawled "to go out to-morrow and to be followed in ten days by fifteen per cent. more." By the sheer luck that had so often supplemented his skill and mitigated his mistakes, he had yielded to her plea for mercy for his victims just in time to confuse her and make her hesitate.

She must decide—and that immediately. "If I go—the circular won't be sent; he has evidently been holding it and hasn't acted until he heard through the servants that I'm leaving. If I stay——" To stay was impossible; yet how was it possible to go and so have the crime of the sufferings of thousands upon her? "I dare not!" she said at the end of a long battle. "I must do the best I can. Is it right? Is it wrong? How can I tell? Is it right that looks like wrong or wrong that looks like right? Or have I only choice between two wrongs?"

Later in the day she wrote to him:

> Since we had our talk I have found out about Leonora. It is impossible for me to stay here. I shall go West to-morrow. But I shall not go to my father's; because of your circular I shall go to the Eyrie, instead, at least for the present.
> PAULINE DUMONT.

Two weeks after she was again settled at the Eyrie, Langdon appeared in Saint X, alleging business at the National Woolens factories there. He accepted her invitation to stop with her, and devoted himself to Gladys. On his fourth day Pauline's suspicions as to one of the objects of his winter trip West were confirmed by his saying, a little too casually: "Dumont's dropped Fanshaw, and Leonora's talking of the stage. In fact, she's gone abroad to study."

Langdon, leaving after nearly three weeks, asked her when she was coming back East.

"Never—I hope," she said, her fingers playing with the close-cropped curls of the boy who was standing beside her.

"I fancied so—I fancied so," replied Langdon, his eyes showing that he understood her and that he also knew that she understood for whom he had asked. "You are going to stay on at the Eyrie?"

"For the present. I've not made up my mind. Fate plays one such queer tricks that I've stopped guessing about to-morrow."

"What was it Miss Dumont's friend Scarborough quoted from Spinoza at Atwater's the other night? 'If a stone, on its way from the sling through the air could speak it would say, "How free I am."' Is that the way you feel?"

There was a look of pain in Pauline's eyes so intense that he glanced away. "We choose a path blindly," she said, her tone as light as her look was dark, "and we must go where it goes—there's no other ever afterward."

Gladys joined them, and Langdon said to her: "Well, good-by, Miss Dumont—don't get married till you see me." He patted the boy on the shoulder. "Good-by, Gardiner—remember, we men must always be brave and gentle with the ladies. Good-by, Mrs. Dumont—keep away from the precipices. And if you should want to come back to us you'll have no trouble in finding us. We're a lot of slow old rotters, and we'll be just where you left us—yawning, and shying at new people and at all new ideas except about clothes, and gossiping about each other." And he was in the auto and off for the station.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

First Steps in Humor

GEORGE ADE began his career as a humorist in his early schooldays, though in justice to him it must be said that he was not always aware of his own humor. On one occasion George had studied his geography lesson with great earnestness—in fact he had put in the whole forenoon on it, to the exclusion of the other branches of learning which he was pursuing. Unfortunately, the language-study class was called first, and George went forward innocent of language but plumb full of geography.

"Georgie, the first word on our list to-day is 'premonitory.' You may define the word 'premonitory.'"

"A premonitory is a high cape jutting out into the sea. Lighthouses are often placed on premonitories," shouted the geographical Georgie.

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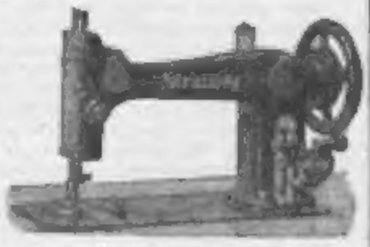
Young's Steinway

CONTAINS
14 LETTERS



The person sending us the greatest number of English dictionary words (not proper names) made from these 14 letters will receive this *High Grade* Sewing Machine

ABSOLUTELY FREE

The **four** persons sending the next greatest number of words may each select and have any sewing machine *out of our 35 styles* shown in catalogue, at ½ the Factory price or ½ agent's cost. The next **ten** persons sending the greatest number of words may each have one of these machines at ⅓ of the Factory price to agents. The same quality machines are selling from $45.00 to $65.00. But under the terms and conditions offered here, those at ½ cost will figure $9.00 to $12.25; at ⅓ cost from $12.00 to $16.33. **IN ADDITION**

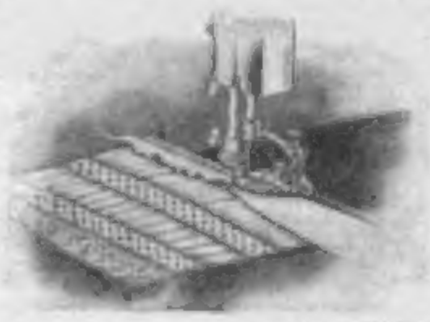
Young's Steinway

The Next One Hundred

persons sending the next greatest list of words will each receive a "Certificate of Merit" entitling them to a rebate of **$2.00** below the **"factory prices"** to agents. All contestants will receive some reward for their effort. Write for particulars.

This Machine Absolutely FREE
(With 114 Others at Great Sacrifice)

Simply as an advertisement to make every one who is interested in securing the finest, newest, most improved and best sewing machine, *remember* the "name and the maker" of this new and superior sewing machine, the finest ever made by any factory. ***Our Catalogues Are Free:*** Finely illustrated with colored photographs of the machines *"sold direct from factory"* and containing a great deal of valuable information about the late things on the sewing machine subject. *Ask for it.* Particulars of this EASY CONTEST *given on request.* Write for blanks and information. Ask for catalogue B-1001.



THE HOMER YOUNG CO. Ltd.
TOLEDO, OHIO

Each person may contest but ONCE

Bound Books at Sheet Price

Write to-day.

Sent on Seven Days' Approval

Sent on Seven Days' Approval

A Few Slightly "Rubbed" Sets

In addition to the "rubbed sets" we have **just a few sets not scratched, nor rubbed, nor shopworn**—the only imperfection being the leather backs of two or three volumes in each set are not quite the same shade of color as the rest, so we cannot send them out as perfect sets. This would not be noticed by anyone outside of the book trade. **The first to write will get these sets.**

We guarantee that this is the latest, most complete, up-to-date and unabridged edition, containing our war with Spain, all about the Philippines, Cuba and our new possessions, etc.

Ridpath's History of the World

In cleaning up our stock preliminary to the new year, we find a few slightly "rubbed" sets—about 20—and rather than rebind such a small lot we prefer to dispose of them at what they would be worth to us with the covers torn off, and at $2.00 per month.

If you'd like to possess the only world's history that reads like a story-book—yet is recognized by such men as William McKinley, Benjamin Harrison, Dr. Cuyler, Bishop Vincent, and thousands more, as a standard authority and the greatest historical reference work in existence, SEND FOR FREE SPECIMEN BOOK TODAY. That specimen book will give you all facts and details—Why YOU need it—How YOU can secure one of the slightly "rubbed" sets at the value of the unbound sheets—nine royal octavo volumes—4000 illustrations and color plates. ONLY $1.00 down. Complete set is sent at once.

Cut the Coupon off and send it to-day.

Merrill & Baker
9 and 11 East 16th Street
New York

S. E. P. Dec. 26, '03.

MERRILL & BAKER
9 and 11 E. 16th St.
New York

Cut off this corner

Without cost to me, please send *the RIDPATH Sample-page and illustration book which contains specimens of the Race Charts, Chronological Charts, Colored Race-Type Plates, Engravings, Photo-Engravings, Text-Block Color-Plates, Text Pages, with full particulars and prices of the slightly damaged sets.*

Name .....

Address .....

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Now packed in handsome individual boxes for Christmas. 50 cents and $1.00. Any shop or by mail.

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Souvenir Portfolio

containing
fine reproductions in halftone of

60 Prize Pictures

by the world's greatest photographers. 64 pages 9 x 12 inches on heavy plate paper bound in art bristol with a photograph mounted on the cover, the whole tied with gold cord, making an elegant holiday album.

25 Cents

These pictures received the judges' awards in our $3,000.00 contest just closed and represent the highest attainments in pictorial photography. The reproductions, which are in the colors of the original photograph, are excellent in every respect and form a collection that every lover of pictures, every one interested in photography, every student of art, will want to keep. The price, 25 cents, is only a fraction of the cost of the portfolio which contains also Ten Articles by famous Photographers on Ten Phases of Photography. There is no advertising matter in the book. We simply want to give every one an opportunity to see the excellent work which is being done by the foremost photographers of the world with our Photographic Lenses.

Alfred Steglitz' Grand Prize Picture
"5th Avenue in Winter"
is alone worth the price of the portfolio.

Send 25c. stamps or Coin to Department J
Bausch & Lomb Optical Co.
Rochester, N. Y.

VELOX
LIQUID DEVELOPER

Made especially for Velox by the Velox people—it makes Velox better than ever—and that is saying a great deal.

Four-ounce bottle Concentrated Solution, 25 cents.

ALL DEALERS.

NEPERA DIVISION
EASTMAN KODAK CO.,
Rochester, N. Y.

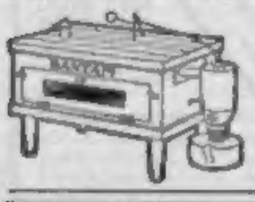
Look for this label.

Incubator Advancement

Cornell Incubator—heated and ventilated in Nature's way. Always gets proper moisture lines at the right time. Result: Most vigorous chicks ever hatched artificially. Gold Medal—Highest Award—Pan American Exposition. Catalogue free. Made only by

Cornell Incubator Mfg. Co.
Box 82, Ithaca, N. Y.

Cornell Incubator Mfg. Co., Ithaca, N. Y.: Dear Sirs—We put the Cornell Incubator to trial twice; 1st time hatched all but four fertile eggs; 2nd time all but one fertile egg, the strongest chicks we ever hatched in incubators.
Yours very truly, J. D. WILCOX & SON.
Worcester, N. Y., Sept. 26, 1903.



The Bantam

beats 'em all. One customer writes he obtained 81 chicks from 90 eggs. The Bantam hatches every fertile egg every time. Catalogue proves it—sent free.

BUCKEYE INCUBATOR CO.
Box 91 Springfield, O.

Fine Birds

Our 160 breeding pens show fancy stock that has prize winning blood bred in them. All the leading varieties of
Chickens, Turkeys, Ducks and Geese.
Rare birds for fanciers from select matings. Prices low for high quality. Poultry catalogue 10c. Incubator catalogue free.
Des Moines Incb. Co., Dept. 549, Des Moines, Ia.

PLAYS

Dialogues, Recitations and other Entertainments. Send for free catalogue of over 2000 plays.
The Dramatic Publishing Company
355 Dearborn St., Chicago, or 40 West 28th St., New York

Chronicles of The Little Tot

By Edmund Vance Cooke

An Arbiter of Titles

Have you been so well commended,
So attended, or befriended,
That this maiden condescended
To receive you, bowed and bended?
She, the proud Miss Michaella
Consuella Arabella,
The F. F. V., the D. A. R.,
The *bas bleu* and the social star!
She's *toute au fait* and *comme il faut*
And all her words and actions show
Exactly thus, precisely so.
Particularly does she claim
A nice observance of her name
And signs it fully, "Michaella
Consuella Arabella."
For less than that she does not like.
Yet when this maiden goes to see
The Little Tot, she's glad to be
Just plain "Aunt Mike."

II

Have you met that dame of graces
Whose aristocratic face is
Finely wrought as priceless lace is,
Or the rare of rarest vases?
She, a Van der Stuyphen-Stuyphen
Of the bluest-blooded hyphen!
She, the cream of richest cream,
La plus grande dame des grandissimes,
In the halls of whose colonial
Ancestry the ceremonial
Pales the ducal and baronial!
Particularly is she set
And rigid in the etiquette
Which doth hedge the cherished hyphen
Linking Stuyphen unto Stuyphen.
'Tis the crest and oriflamme
Of her race and place, yet when
The Little Tot's her guest, why then
She's just plain "Gram."

III

Visiting among your betters,
Have you met that man of letters
To whom all of us are debtors,
Him whose total title fetters
All the alphabets of story
To express the half its glory?
For he's A. B. C. to X. Y. Z.;
He's P. D. Q. and Q. E. D.,
Famous, flattered, celebrated,
Feasted, banqueted and fêted,
Ribanded and decorated!
And he's proud of his degrees,
Of his D's and double D's,
Scientific, civil, moral,
For he is so decked with laurel
That he's heavy at the top.
Yet when he views the Little Tot
All other titles are forgot
Except plain "Pop!"

Under Orders

Oh, I am the fag of the infantry,
The raw recruit of the company.
From the bivouac, ready for night alarms,
I stumble up at the cry "To arms!"
I hurry to where The Commander lies
And Present—Arms! to still his cries.
"Halt! Beware!
Who goes there?"
"Thy father's spirit, doomed, at sight,
For a certain time to walk the night."

Oh, I am the jest of the promenade,
Shivering there on undress parade.
The Commander cries "Right shoulder—shift!
Attention—father!" Steady and swift,
I hasten to heed his every whim
And Carry—Arms! and likewise him.
"Halt! Take care!
Who goes there?"
I send my song across the dark:
"'Tis the nightingale and not the lark."

In fatigue dress, flowing loose and white,
I drill through the crawling hours of night.
I "Forward—march!" I "Charge!" I "Wheel!"
I "Double—quick!" but still I feel
The Commander, all unmollified,
Conceives me still unqualified.
"Who goes there?
Stand and swear!"
"How sharper than a serpent's tooth
To have a sleepless child, forsooth!"

—Every Day Last Winter—

the Franklin went out whenever it wanted to. No water-pipe to freeze even when standing still. No weather is too hot or too cold for the Franklin. It is the motor-car for every day in the year.

Air-Cooling is Right

and so is four-cylinder motor. It gives most power and saves weight, which means speed, liveliness and hill-climbing-power.

The Franklin

is not only built on the right principle, but is solid and stylish—every

THREE STYLES FOR 1904:
Light Car; Light Tonneau; and 24 Horse-power Touring Car. Write for 1904.

H. H. FRANKLIN MFG. CO., 304 Geddes Street, Syracus
Member of the Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

LET US SEND YOU A
FREE SAMPLE
OF
Pompeian
Massage Cream

with our handsome booklet, illustrating and describing Face Massage.

A TOILET LUXURY

Cleanses and clears the skin, and improves the complexion without making it shine. Far better than face powder.

Contains neither grease nor glycerine, and nothing that harms the most delicate skin. Removes blackheads and pimples; unequaled for chapped and rough skin.

For sale by druggists and all dealers in toilet articles. Price 50c. or $1 a jar, postpaid on receipt of price.

Send for free booklet.

POMPEIAN MFG. CO., 106 Prospect St., Cleveland, Ohio

Manager Wanted

Who can earn an income of $1,000 to $15,000 per annum, according to territory and ability. Our firm has grown to such magnitude that we now need a competent resident-manager in every county in the United States. In associating yourself with us you are entering the employ of the largest, most prominent and wealthiest concern of its kind in the United States, a firm whose references include National Banks and Commercial Agencies. The man we want as manager must qualify in accordance with our requirements; he must be a man of the highest character, able to furnish the best of references and bond if necessary; must be thoroughly in earnest, energetic, and a success in his present occupation. Special arrangements can be made by which our work can be done in connection with the applicant's occupation, thus opening up an opportunity to lawyers, physicians, clergymen and persons now holding other positions. Address application to
"MANAGER," Box 1,816, New York City.

Battery Table Lamp, $3.00

Battery Hanging Lamp	$10.50
Telephone, complete, $2.50 and	5.95
Electric Door Bells	.50
Electric Carriage Lamps	5.00
Electric Hand Lanterns	2.00
$5.00 Batteries	3.95
Telegraph Outfits	3.35
Battery Motors	$1.00 to 12.00
Bicycle Electric Lights	2.00
Electric Railway	3.50
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Necktie Lights	75c to 3.00

Send for free book. Describes and illustrates many of the most useful electric devices, at wonderfully small prices. All practical. The lowest price in the world on everything electrical. Agents can make handsome commissions and easy sales. Write for complete information.

Ohio Electric Works, Cleveland, O.

SHAVE WITHOUT LATHER

When you shave use **Formal-Saponia,** a perfectly harmless liquid, principally a vegetable compound combined with **formaldehyde.** Beats all soaps and lathers. It softens the toughest beard quickly and easily, is a perfect antiseptic and germicide. Absolutely prevents contagion through shaving. Does not require rubbing in. Does not fill the pores of the skin with oil or grease, caustic soda or potash, which sometimes weakens the skin tissue, causing it to break down, often producing pimples, black heads, facial eruptions, etc. It leaves the skin healthy, face cool, soft, white and smooth after shaving. A thousand times better than lather, but may be used with it, if desired. If your barber does not use **Formal-Saponia,** buy your own bottle and insist on its being used, thus protecting yourself. Descriptive booklet mailed FREE for the asking. A 4-ounce glass sprinkler top bottle 25c at all drug stores, or sent direct, postpaid, for 40c. Address

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Or Fee Returned. Free opinion as to patentability. Send for Guide Book and What to Invent, finest publications issued for free distribution. Patents secured by us advertised free in Patent Record. SAMPLE COPY FREE.

EVANS, WILKENS & CO., 647 F St., Washington, D. C.

Make Money Making Ads

The expert Ad Writer easily produces a stoneful of business from the newspaper, not because he was born under a lucky star, but because he has been trained to write good ads by some one that knew how.

We Know How To Write Good Ads

Any one familiar with the rise of the I. C. S. must acknowledge that we are better qualified to teach ad writing by mail than any other school or individual on earth.

Write for our **"Advertising Booklet"** *before enrolling in any other ad school.*

International Correspondence Schools
Box 1171, Scranton, Pa.

ATTEND THE ILLINOIS COLLEGE OF PHOTOGRAPHY

A delightful profession, quickly and easily learned. Pays well. Good positions secured for graduates. Only college of Photography in the world. Terms easy, and living inexpensive. Write for our beautifully illustrated catalogue. Address

ILLINOIS COLLEGE OF PHOTOGRAPHY
963 Wabash Avenue, Effingham, Ill.

WHAT IS YOUR SALARY?

"The Mahin Method"

Always "New Worlds to Conquer"

Why not increase it as hundreds of successful graduates have done? We teach **ADVERTISING** by mail. Show you how to develop **your own business** or fit you for good positions. The demand for **competent** advertising men exceeds the supply. Don't waste your time—**pay a little more and get the best.** Send today for FREE test blank and 3d Annual Announcement.

CHICAGO COLLEGE OF ADVERTISING
1073 Williams Building
Cor. Fifth Ave. and Monroe St., Chicago

Are Your Legs Straight?

If not they will appear straight and trim if you wear our easy Pneumatic and Cushion-Rubber Forms. (Patents applied for throughout the world.) Adjusted instantly; defy detection. Immediately adopted by men of fashion. Write for full description, mailed under plain letter seal. **HENDERSON & HENDERSON, Inc., Dept. L 2, Buffalo, N. Y.**

SQUABS

sell for $2.50 to $6.00 a doz.; hotels and restaurants charge 75 cents to $1.50 an order (serving one squab). There is good money breeding them; a flock makes country life pay handsomely. Squabs are raised in ONE MONTH; a woman can do all the work. No mixing feed, no night labor, no young stock to attend (parent birds do this). Send for our FREE BOOK, "How to Make Money with Squabs," and learn this rich industry. **Plymouth Rock Squab Company, 2 A Friend Street, Boston, Mass.**

BRASS BAND

Instruments, Drums, Uniforms. Lyon & Healy "Own-Make" Instruments are preferred by Thomas Orchestra, Ilanda Rosa, Mascagni, etc. Lowest prices. Big Catalog; 1000 illustrations; *mailed free;* it gives instructions for amateur bands.

LYON & HEALY, 10 Adams St., Chicago

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

WRITE TO-DAY FOR CATALOGUE

Would You Please Her?

There is nothing that would please her more at Christmas than a Diamond ring, brooch, locket, earrings or a Diamond studded watch. A Diamond is the gift of all gifts—it lasts forever, and every day brings to the wearer pleasant thoughts of the giver's regard and generosity. Whether as an emblem of plighted troth or as a Christmas remembrance to a wife, sweetheart, daughter, sister or mother, a Diamond is always an appropriate gift, and to a woman the most highly prized.

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

It is no longer necessary that a person be the possessor of surplus funds or undergo unusual economies in order to gratify a desire to own or present a beautiful Diamond. Under the **Loftis System** any person of honest intentions, no matter where they may live, may open a Confidential Charge Account for a Diamond, Watch or any valuable piece of jewelry, and pay it in a series of very easy monthly payments.

HOW TO DO IT

Write to-day for our beautiful illustrated Catalogue, and from it select any article which you would like to wear yourself, or present to a loved one at Christmas. We will at once send your selection on approval to your home, place of business or express office, where you may examine it as carefully as you wish. If it is all that you anticipated, and the best value you ever saw—pay one-fifth of the price and keep it. The balance you may send us in eight equal monthly payments.

ON THE OTHER HAND

If you decide not to buy, simply return the article at our expense. Whether you buy or not, we pay all of the express and other charges—you pay nothing, nor do you assume any risk or obligation whatever. We submit our goods on their merits, with absolute confidence that their quality, low price and our easy terms will command your favor. We ask but one opportunity for adding your name to the largest list of pleased patrons with which a Diamond house was ever favored.

ONE OF THE LARGEST HOUSES IN THE BUSINESS

We are one of the largest houses in the business and one of the oldest—established 1858. We refer to any bank in America—for instance, step into our local bank and ask how we stand in the business world. They will refer to their books of commercial ratings and tell you that we stand very high, and that our representations may be accepted without question.

OUR GUARANTEE CERTIFICATE

We give the broadest Guarantee Certificate ever issued by a house of unquestioned responsibility. Further, we give the broad guarantee of complete satisfaction to every patron. Our exchange system is the most liberal ever devised. It permits you to return any Diamond bought of us—no matter when bought, and to get its full original value in other goods, or full allowance on another Diamond.

YOUR CHRISTMAS PLANS

You should not consummate your Christmas plans before looking through our catalogue and considering what you can do in gift-making in conjunction with the **Loftis System.** The five or ten dollars which you might spend for something cheap and trashy would make the first payment on, and put you in immediate possession of a splendid Diamond. You can with a very small initial outlay make a gift that is commensurate with, and appropriate to any condition or circumstance.

PRICES ADVANCING

There will never be a more favorable time for a Diamond purchase than the present. The highest European authorities assure us that Diamond values will increase very largely during the coming year.

To the Cash Buyer

If you prefer to buy for cash we have a proposition to make which is thoroughly characteristic of our house. It is nothing less than a written agreement to return all that you pay for a Diamond—less 10 per cent.—at any time within one year. Thus you might wear a Fifty Dollar Diamond for a year, then send it back to us and get forty-five dollars—making the cost of wearing the Diamond for a whole year less than ten cents per week. Smaller houses cannot make this offer simply because they cannot do business on this basis.

LOFTIS BROS. & CO.

DIAMONDS—WATCHES—JEWELRY

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If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.

Broader in scope than anything heretofore attained in pocket photography.

The New 3A Folding Pocket

KODAKS

Pneumatic release automatic shutter with iris diaphragm stops, high speed rectilinear lens, rising, falling and sliding front, combined reversible finder and spirit level, tripod sockets for vertical and horizontal exposures. An instrument that provides, in pocket form, every detail of the equipment required by those who know photography best. Loads in daylight for 2, 4, 6 or 10 exposures as desired.

It slips readily into a top-coat pocket.

Pictures, 3¼ x 5½ inches.

Price, $20.00.

"Kodakery" means photography with the bother left out, means daylight development, fewer chemicals, better pictures.

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Ask your dealer or write us for booklet of Christmas Kodaks.

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